THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2145.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1863, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO GETS UP A CLUB FOR 1863, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MAIL (*postage prepaid by us*) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " *four* "	5,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	5,00
Eight " "	10,00
Ten " "	12,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy GRATIS *to every person who sends a club of* EIGHT, TEN *or* TWENTY *subscribers.* This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one or three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The Beaver Hills grow blue and dim
As the soft twilight disappears;
I cannot raise my eyes to his,
So heavily they droop with tears!
I would that I had more of pride,
Then I might hope to calmly part;
But now, I fear, he'll surely note
The hurried beating of my heart!

His parting words are full of hope,
The cheerful hope of meeting soon;
I'll try to still my quickened pulse,
And watch the rising of the moon!
How fair the valley lies to-night!
How blue the river and how still!
While martial music faint and far
Comes o'er the heights of Fallston Hill!

I know his soul is full of fire,
His bosom panting for the fray;
That on a heedless ear would fall
My pleading words to bid him stay;
And so—and so—I'll droop my head,
And smother back the little sigh
That rises to my trembling lips
At the low-whispered word good-bye.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. WEST'S SANCTUM.

For some little time past, certain rumors had arisen in Deerham somewhat to the prejudice of Dr. West. Rumors of the same nature had circulated once or twice before during the progress of the last half-dozen years; but they had died away again, or been hushed up, never coming to anything tangible. For one thing, their reputed scene had not lain at the immediate spot, but at Heartburg: and distance is a great discouragement to ill-natured tattle. This fresh scandal, however, was nearer: it touched the very heart of Deerham, and people made themselves remarkably busy over it. None the less busy because its accusations were vague. Tales never lose anything in carrying, and the most outrageous things were whispered of Dr. West.

A year or two previous to this, a widow lady named Baynton with two daughters, no longer very young, had come to live at a pretty cottage in Deerham. Nothing was known of who they were, or where they came from. They appeared to be very reserved, and made no acquaintance whatever. Under these circumstances, of course their history was supplied for them. If you or I went and established ourselves in a fresh place to-morrow, saying nothing of who we were, or what we were, it would only be the signal for some busy-body in that place to coin a story for us, and all the rest of the busy-bodies would immediately circulate it. It was said of Mrs. Baynton that she had been left in reduced means; had fallen from some high pedestal of wealth, through the death of her husband; that she lived in a perpetual state of mortification in consequence of her present poverty, and would not admit a single inhabitant of Deerham within her doors to witness it. It may have had as much truth in it as the greatest *canard* that ever flew: but Deerham promulgated it, Deerham believed in it, and the Bayntons never contradicted it. The best of all reasons, for this, may have been, that they never heard of it. They lived quietly on alone, interfering with nobody, and going out rarely. In appearance and manners they were gentlewomen, and rather haughty gentlewomen, too; but they kept no servant. How their work was done, Deerham could not conceive: it was next to impossible to fancy one of those ladies scrubbing a floor or making a bed. The butcher called for orders, and took in the meat, which was nearly always mutton-chops; the baker left his bread at the door, and the laundress was admitted inside the passage once a week.

The only other person admitted inside, was Dr. West. He had been called in, on their first arrival, to the invalid daughter—a delicate-looking lady who, when she did walk out, leaned on her sister's arm. Dr. West's visits grew frequent; they had continued frequent up to within a short period of the present time. Once or twice a week he called in, professionally; he would occasionally drop in for an hour in the evening. Some passers-by Chalk Cottage (it was what it was named) had contrived to stretch their necks over the high privet hedge which hid the lower part of the dwelling from the road, and were immensely gratified by the fact of seeing Dr. West in the parlor, seated at tea with the family. How the doctor was questioned, especially in the earlier period of their residence, he alone could tell. Who were they? Were they well connected, or ill connected, or not connected at all? Were they known to fashion? How much was really their income? What was the matter with the one whom he attended, the sickly daughter, and what was her name? The questions would have gone on till now, but that the doctor stopped them. He had not made impertinent inquiries himself, he said, and had nothing at all to tell. The younger lady's complaint arose from disordered liver; he had no objection to tell them that: she had been so long a sufferer from it that the malady had become chronic. And her name was Kitty.

Now, it was touching this very family that the scandal had arisen. *How* it arose, was the puzzle: since the ladies themselves never spoke to anybody, and Dr. West would not be likely to invent or to spread stories affecting himself. Its precise nature was buried in uncertainty, also its precise object: some said one thing, some another. The scandal, on the whole, tended to the point that Dr. West had misbehaved himself. In what way? What had he done? Had he personally ill-treated them—sworn at them—done anything else unbecoming a gentleman? And which had been the sufferer? The old lady in her widow's cap? or the sickly daughter? or the other one? Could he have carelessly supplied wrong medicine; sent to them some arsenic instead of Sels d'Epsom, and so thrown them into fright, and danger, and anger? Had he scaled the privet hedge in the night, and robbed the garden of its cabbages? What, in short, was it that he had done? Deerham spoke out pretty broadly, as to the main facts, although the rumored details were varied and obscure. It declared that some of Dr. West's doings at Chalk Cottage had not been orthodox, and that discovery had supervened.

There are two classes of professional men upon whom not a taint should rest; who ought, in familiar phrase, to keep their hands clean: the parson of the parish, and the family doctor. Other people may dye themselves in Warren's jet, if they like; but, let as much as a spot get on him who stands in the pulpit to preach to us, or on him who is admitted to familiar intercourse with our wives and children, and the spot grows into a dark thunder cloud. What's the old saying? "One man may walk in at the gate, while another must not look over the hedge." It runs something after that fashion. Had Dr. West not been a family doctor, the scandal might have been allowed to die out: as it was, Deerham kept up the ball, and rolled it. One chief motive, in this, may have influenced Deerham above all other motives: unsatisfied curiosity. Could Deerham have gratified this to the full, it had been content to subside into quietness.

Whether it was true, or whether it was false, there was no denying that it had happened at an unfortunate moment for Dr. West. A man always in debt—and what he did with his money Deerham could not make out, for his practice was a lucrative one—he had latterly become actually embarrassed. Deerham was good-natured enough to say that a handsome sum had found its way to Chalk Cottage, in the shape of silence money, or something of the sort; but Deerham did not know. Dr. West was at his wits' end where to turn to for a shilling—had been so, for some weeks past; so that he had no particular need of anything worse coming down upon him. Perhaps, what gave a greater color to the scandal than anything else, was the fact, that, simultaneously with its rise, Dr. West's visit to Chalk Cottage had suddenly ceased.

Only one had been bold enough to speak upon the subject personally to Dr. West. And that was the proud old baronet, Sir Rufus Hautley. He rode down to the doctor's house one day; and, leaving his horse with his groom, had a private interview with the doctor. That Dr. West must have contrived to satisfy him in some way, was undoubted. Rigidly severe and honorable, Sir Rufus would no more have countenanced wrong doing, than he would have admitted Dr. West again to his house, whether as doctor or as anything else, had he been guilty of it. But when Sir Rufus went away, Dr. West attended him to the door, and they parted cordially, Sir Rufus saying something to the effect that he was glad his visit had dispelled the doubt arising from these unpleasant rumors, and he would recommend Dr. West to inquire into their source, with a view of bringing their authors to punishment. Dr. West replied that he should make it his business to do so. Dr. West, however, did nothing of the sort: or if he did do it, it was in strict privacy.

Jan sat one day astride on the counter in his frequent abiding place, the surgery. Jan had got a brass vessel before him, and was mixing certain powders in it, preparatory to some experiment in chemistry, Master Cheese performing the part of looker-on, his elbows, as usual, on the counter.

"I say, we had such a start here this morning," began young Cheese, as if the recollection had suddenly occurred to him. "It was while you had gone your round."

"What start was that?" asked Jan.

"Some fellow came here, and—I say, Jan," broke off young Cheese, "did you ever know that room had got a second entrance to it?"

He pointed to the door of the back room: a room which was used exclusively by Dr. West. He had been known to see patients there on rare occasions, but neither Jan nor young Cheese was ever admitted into it. It opened with a latch-key only.

"There is another door leading into it from the garden," replied Jan. "It's never opened. It has got all those lean-to boards piled against it."

"Is it never opened, then?" retorted Master Cheese. "You just hear. A fellow came poking his nose into the premises this morning, staring up at the house, staring round about him, and at last he walks in here. A queer looking fellow he was, with a beard, and appeared as if he had come a thousand miles or two, on foot. 'Is Dr. West at home?' he asked. I told him the doctor was not at home: for you see, Jan, it wasn't ten minutes since the doctor had gone out. So he said he'd wait. And he went peering about and handling the bottles, and once he took the scales up, as if he'd like to test their weight. I kept my eye on him: I thought a queer fellow, like that, might be going to walk off with some physic, like Miss Amilly walks off the castor oil. Presently he comes to that door. 'Where does this lead to?' he said. 'A private room,' said I, 'and please to keep your hands off it.' Not he. He lays hold of the false knob, and shakes it, and turns it, and pushes the door, trying to open it. It was fast. Old West had come out of there before going out; and, catch him ever leaving that door open! I say, Jan, one would think he kept skeletons there."

"Is that all?" asked Jan, alluding to the story.

"Wait a bit. The fellow put his big fist upon the latch key-hole—I think he must have been a feller of trees, I do—and his knee to the door, and he burst it open.—Burst it open, Jan! you never saw such strength."

"I could burst any door open that I had a mind to," was the response of Jan.

"He burst it open," continued young Cheese, "and burst it against old West. You should have seen 'em stare! They both stared. I stared. I think the chap did not mean to do it; that he was only trying his strength for pastime. But now, Jan, the odd part of the business is, how did West get in? If there's not another door, he must have got down the chimney."

Jan went on with his compounding, and made no response.

"And if there *is* a door, he must have been mortal sly over it," resumed the young gentleman. "He must have gone right out from here, and in at the side gate of the garden, and got in that way. I wonder what he did it for?"

"It isn't any business of ours," said Jan.

"Then I think it is," retorted Master Cheese. "I'd like to know how many times he has been in there, listening to us, when we thought him a mile off. It's a shame!"

"It's nothing to me who listens," said Jan, equably. "I don't say things behind people's backs, that I'd not say before their faces."

"I do," acknowledged young Cheese.—"Wasn't there a row? Didn't he and the man go on at each other? They shut themselves up in that room, and had it out."

"What did the man want?" asked Jan.

"I'd like to know. He and old West had it out together, I say, but they didn't admit me to the conference. Goodness knows where he had come from. West seemed to know him. Jan, I heard something about him and the Chalk Cottage folks yesterday."

"You had better take yourself to a safe distance," advised Jan. "If this goes off with a bang, your face will come in for the benefit."

"I say, though, it's you that must take care and not let it go off," returned Master Cheese, edging nevertheless a little away. "But about that room? If old West—"

The words were interrupted. The door of the room in question was pushed open, and Dr. West came out of it. Had Master Cheese witnessed the arrival of an inhabitant from the other world, introduced by the most privileged medium extant, he could not have experienced more intense astonishment. He had truly believed, as he had just expressed it, that Dr. West was at that moment a good mile away.

"Put your hat on, Cheese," said Dr. West.

Cheese put it on. Going into a perspiration at the same time. He thought nothing less but that he was about to be dismissed.

"Take this note up to Sir Rufus Hautley's."

It was a great relief, and Master Cheese took the note in his hand, and went off whistling.

"Step in here, Mr. Jan," said the doctor.

Jan took one of his long legs over the counter, jumped off, and stepped in: into the doctor's sanctum. Had Jan been given to speculation, he might have wondered what was coming: but it was Jan's mode to take things cool and easy, as they came, and not anticipate them.

"My health has been bad of late," began the doctor.

"Law!" cried Jan. "What has been the matter?"

"A general disarrangement of the system altogether, I fancy," returned Dr. West. "I believe that the best thing to restore me will be change of scene—travelling; and an opportunity to embrace it has presented itself. I am solicited by an old friend of mine in practice in London, to take charge of a nobleman's son for some months; to go abroad with him."

"Is he ill?" asked literal Jan. To whom it never occurred to ask whether Dr. West had first of all applied to his old friend to seek after such a place for him.

"His health is delicate, both mentally and bodily," replied Dr. West. "I should like to undertake it; the chief difficulty is, the leaving you here alone."

"I dare say I can do it all," said Jan. "My legs get over the ground quick. I can take to your horse."

"If you find you cannot do it, you might engage an assistant," suggested Dr. West.

"So I might," said Jan.

"I should see no difficulty at all in the matter, if you were my partner. It would be the same as leaving myself, and the patients could not grumble. But, it is not altogether the thing to leave only an assistant, as you are, Mr. Jan."

"Make me your partner, if you like," said cool Jan. "*I* don't mind. What'll it cost?"

"Ah, Mr. Jan, it will cost more than you have got. At least, it ought to cost it."

"I have got five hundred pounds," said Jan. "I wanted Lionel to have it, but he won't. Is that of any use?"

Dr. West coughed.

"Well, under the circumstances— But it is very little! I am sure you must know that it is. Perhaps, Mr. Jan, we can come to some arrangement by which I take the larger share for the present. Say that, for this year, you forward me—"

"Why, how long do you mean to be away?" interrupted Jan.

"I can't say. One year, two years, three years—it may be even more than that. I expect this will be a long and a lucrative engagement. Suppose, I say, that for the first year you transmit to me the one-half of the net profits, and, beyond that, hand over to Deborah a certain sum, as shall be agreed upon, towards housekeeping."

"I don't mind how it is," said easy Jan. "They'll stop here, then?"

"Of course they will. My dear Mr. Jan, everything, I hope, will go on just as it goes on now, save that I shall be absent. You and Cheese—whom I hope you'll keep in order—and the errand boy; it will all be just as it has been. As to the assistant, that will be a future consideration."

"I'd rather be without one, if I can do it," cried Jan, "and Cheese will be coming on. Am I to live with 'em?"

"With Deb and Amilly? Why not? Poor unprotected old things, what would they do without you? And now, Mr. Jan, as that is settled so far, we will sit down, and go further into details. I know I can depend upon your not mentioning this abroad."

"If you don't want me to mention it, you can. But where's the harm?"

"It is always well to keep these little arrangements private," said the doctor. "Matins will draw up the deed, and I will take you round and introduce you as my partner. But there need not be anything said beforehand. Neither need there be anything said at all about my going away, until I actually go. You will oblige me in this, Mr. Jan."

"It's all the same to me," said accommodating Jan. "Whose will be this room, then?"

"Yours to do as you please with, of course, so long as I am away."

"I'll have a turn-up bedstead put in it and sleep here, then," quoth Jan. "When folks come in the night, and ring me up, I shall be handy. It'll be better than disturbing the house, as is the case now."

The doctor appeared struck with the proposition.

"I think it would be a very good plan, indeed," he said. "I don't fancy the room's damp."

"Not it," said Jan. "If it were damp, it wouldn't hurt me. I have no time to be ill, I haven't. Camp— Who's that?"

It was a visitor to the surgery—a patient of Dr. West's. And, for the time, the conference was broken up.

Not to be renewed until evening. Dr. West and Jan were both fully occupied all the afternoon. When business was over—as much so as a doctor's business ever can be over—Jan knocked at the door of this room, where Dr. West again was.

It was opened about an inch, and the face of the doctor appeared in the aperture, peering out to ascertain who it might be disturbing him. The same aperture which enabled him to see out, enabled Jan to see in.

"Why! what's up?" cried unceremonious Jan.

Jan might well ask it. The room contained a table, a desk or two,—some sets of drawers, and other receptacles for the custody of papers. All these were turned out, desks and drawers alike stood open, and their contents, a mass of papers, were scattered everywhere.

The doctor could not, in good manners, shut the door right in his proposed new partner's face. He opened it an inch or two more. His own face was purple; it wore a startled, perplexed look, and the drops of moisture had gathered on his forehead. That he was not in the most easy frame of mind, was evident. Jan put one foot into the room; he could not put two, unless he had stepped upon the strewing papers.

"What's the matter?" asked Jan, perceiving the signs of perturbation on the doctor's countenance.

"I have had a loss," said the doctor. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but a—a paper, which was here this morning, I cannot find anywhere. I *must* find it!" he added in ill-suppressed agitation. "I'd rather lose everthing I possess, than lose that."

"Where did you put it? Where did you have it?" cried Jan, casting his eyes around.

"I kept it in a certain drawer," replied Dr. West, too much disturbed to be anything but straightforward. "I have not had it in my hand for—oh, I cannot tell how long—months and months, until this morning. I wanted to refer to it then, and got it out. I was looking it over when a rough, ill-bred fellow burst the door open—"

"I heard of that," interrupted Jan. "Cheese told me."

"He burst the door open, and I put the paper back in its place before I spoke to him," continued Dr. West. "Half an hour ago I went to take it out again, and I found it had disappeared."

"The fellow must have walked it off," cried Jan. Not an unnatural conclusion.

"He could not," said Dr. West; "it is quite an impossibility. I went back there,"—pointing to a bureau of drawers behind him—"and put the paper hastily in, and locked it in, returning the keys to my pocket. The man had not stepped over the threshold of the door then; he was a little taken to, I fancy, at his having burst the door, and he stood there staring."

"Could he have got at it afterwards?" asked Jan.

"It is, I say, an impossibility. He never was within a yard or two of the bureau; and, if he had been, the place was firmly locked. That man it certainly was not. Nobody has been in the room since, save myself, and you for a few minutes to day when I called you in. And yet the paper is gone!"

"Could anybody have come into the room by the other door?" asked Jan.

"No. It opens with a latchkey only, as this does. And the key was safe in my pocket."

"Well, this beats everything," cried Jan. "It's like the codicil at Verner's Pride."

WESTOVER, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, LATE HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from a picture in "Frank Leslie," represents Gen. Fitzjohn Porter's recent Head Quarters on the James River.

"The very thing it put me in mind of," said Dr. West. "I'd rather—I'd rather have lost that codicil, and it been mine, than lose this, Mr. Jan."

Jan opened his eyes. Jan had a knack of opening his eyes when anything surprised him; tolerably wide, too. "What paper was it, then?" he cried.

"It was a prescription," Mr. Jan.

"A prescription!" returned Jan, the answer not lessening his wonder. "That's not much. Isn't it in the book?"

"No, it is not in the book," said Dr. West. "It was too valuable to be in the book. You may look, Mr. Jan, but I mean what I say. This was a private prescription of inestimable value, a secret prescription, I may say. I would not have lost it for the whole world."

The doctor wiped the dew from his perplexed forehead: the doctor strove unsuccessfully, to control his agitated voice to calmness. Jan could only stare. All this fuss about a prescription!

"Did it contain the secret for compounding Life's Elixir?" asked he.

"It contained what was more to me than that," said Dr. West. "But you can't help me, Mr. Jan. I would rather be left to search alone."

"I hope you'll find it yet," returned Jan, taking the hint and retreating to the surgery. "You must have overlooked it amongst some of these papers."

"I hope I shall," replied the doctor.

And he shut himself up to the search, and turned over the papers. But he never found what he had lost, although he was still turning and turning them at morning light.

CHAPTER XX.

AN INTERCEPTED JOURNEY.

One dark morning, the beginning of November; in fact, it was the first morning of that gloomy month, Jan was busy in the surgery. Jan was arranging things there according to his own pleasure; for Dr. West had departed that morning early, and Jan was master of the field.

Jan had risen betimes. Never a sluggard, he had been up now for some hours, had effected so great a metamorphosis in the surgery that the doctor himself would hardly have known it again: things in it previously never having been arranged to Jan's satisfaction. And now he was looking at his watch to see whether breakfast time was coming on, Jan's hunger reminding him that it might be acceptable. He had not yet been into the house; his bedroom now being the room you have heard of, the scene of the letter and of Dr. West's lost prescription. The doctor had gone by the six o'clock train, after a cordial farewell to Jan; he had gone—as it was soon to turn out—without having previously informed his daughters. But of this Jan knew nothing.

"Twenty minutes past eight," quoth Jan, consulting his watch, a silver one, the size of a turnip. Jan had bought it when he was poor: had given about two pounds for it, second-hand. It never occurred to Jan to buy a better one while that legacy of his was lying idle. Why should he? Jan's turnip kept time to a moment, and Jan did not understand buying things for a show. "Ten minutes yet! I shall eat a double share of bacon this morning. Good morning, Miss Deb!"

Miss Deb was stealing into the surgery with a scared look and a white face. Miss Deb wore her usual winter morning costume, a huge brown cape. She was of a shivery nature at the best of times, but she shivered palpably now.

"Mr. Jan, have you got a drop of ether?" asked she, her poor teeth chattering together. Jan was too good-natured to tell Deerham those teeth were false, though Dr. West had betrayed the secret to Jan.

"Who is it for?" asked Jan? "For you? Aren't you well, Miss Deb? Eat some breakfast: that's the best thing."

"I have had a dreadful shock, Mr. Jan. I have had bad news. That is—what has been done to the surgery?" she broke off, casting her eyes around it in wonder.

"Not much," said Jan. "I have been making some odds and ends of alterations. Is the news from Australia?" he continued, the open letter in her hand helping him to the suggestion. "A mail's due."

Miss Deborah shook her head. "It is from my father, Mr. Jan. The first thing I saw, upon going into the breakfast parlor, was this note for me, propped against the vase on the mantle-piece. Mr. Jan,"—dropping her voice to confidence—"it says he is gone! That he is gone away for an indefinite period."

"You don't mean to say he never told you of it before!" exclaimed Jan.

"I never heard a syllable from him," cried poor Deborah. "He says you'll explain to us as much as is necessary. You can read the note. Mr. Jan, where's he gone?"

Jan ran his eyes over the note: feeling himself probably in somewhat of a dilemma, as to how much or how little it might be expedient to explain.

"He thought some travelling might be beneficial to his health," said Jan. "He has got a rare good place as travelling doctor to some young chap of quality."

Miss Deborah was looking very hard at Jan. Something seemed to be on her mind; some great fear.

"He says he may not be back for ever so long to come, Mr. Jan."

"So he told me," said Jan.

"And is that the reason he took you into partnership?" Mr. Jan.

"Yes," said Jan. "Couldn't leave an assistant for an indefinite period."

"You will never be able to do it all yourself. I little thought, when all this bustle and changing of bed-rooms was going on, what was up! You might have told me, Mr. Jan," she added, in a reproachful tone.

"It wasn't my place to tell you," returned Jan. "It was the doctor's, if anybody's."

Miss Deborah looked timidly round, and then sunk her voice to a lower whisper.

"Mr. Jan, *why* has he gone away?"

"For his health," persisted Jan.

"They are saying—they are saying—Mr. Jan, *what* is that they are saying, about papa and those ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan laid hold of the pestle and mortar, popped in a big lump of some hard looking white substance, and began pounding away at it.

"How should I know anything about the ladies at Chalk Cottage?" asked he. "I never was inside their door; I never spoke to any one of 'em."

"But you know that things are being said," urged Miss Deborah, with almost feverish eagerness; "don't you?"

"Who told you anything was being said?" asked Jan.

"It was Master Cheese. Mr. Jan, folks have seemed queer lately. The servants have whispered together, and then have glanced at me and at Amilly, and I knew there was something wrong, but I could not get at it. This morning, when I picked up this note—it's not five minutes ago, Mr. Jan—in my fright and perplexity I shrieked out; and Master Cheese, he said something about Chalk Cottage."

"What did he say?" asked Jan.

Miss Deborah's pale face turned to crimson.

"I can't tell," she said. "I did not hear the words rightly. Master Cheese caught them up again. Mr. Jan, I have come to you to tell me."

Jan answered nothing. He was pounding very fiercely.

"Mr. Jan, I ought to know it," she went on. "I am not a child. If you please, I must *request* you to tell me."

"What are you shivering for?" asked Jan.

"I can't help it. Is—is it anything that—that he can be taken up for?"

"Taken up!" replied Jan, ceasing from his pounding, and fixing his wide-open eyes on Miss Deborah. "Can I be taken up for doing this?"—and he brought down the pestle with such force as to threaten the destruction of the mortar.

"You'll tell me, please," she shivered.

"Well," said Jan, "if you must know it, the doctor had a misfortune."

"A misfortune? He. What misfortune? A misfortune at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan gravely nodded.

"And they were in an awful rage with him, and said he should pay expenses, and all that. And he wouldn't pay expenses: the chimney-glass alone was twelve pound fifteen; and there was a regular quarrel, and they turned him out."

"But what was the nature of the misfortune?"

"He set the parlor chimney on fire."

Miss Deborah's lips parted with amazement; she appeared to find some difficulty in closing them again.

"Set the parlor chimney on fire! Mr. Jan!"

"Very careless of him," continued Jan, with composure. "He had no business to carry gunpowder about with him. Of course they won't believe but he flung it in purposely."

Miss Deborah could not gather her senses.

"Who won't?—the ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

"The ladies at Chalk Cottage," assented Jan. "If I saw all these bottles go to smithereens through Cheese carrying about gunpowder in his trowsers' pockets, I might go into a passion too, Miss Deb."

"But, Mr. Jan—*this* is not what's being said in Deerham?"

"Law, if you go by all that's said in Deerham, you'll have enough to do," cried Jan. "One says one thing and one says another. No two are ever in the same tale. When that codicil was lost at Verner's Pride, ten different people were accused by Deerham of stealing it."

"Were they?" responded Miss Deborah, abstractedly.

"Did you never hear it? You just ask Deerham about the row between the doctor and Chalk Cottage, and you'll hear ten versions, all different. What else could be expected. As if he'd take the trouble to explain the rights of it to them! Not that I should advise you to ask," concluded Jan, pointedly. "Miss Deborah, do you know the time?"

"It must be half past eight," she repeated mechanically, her thoughts buried in a reverie.

"And turned," said Jan. "I'd be glad of breakfast. I shall have the gratis patients here."

"It shall be ready in two minutes," said Miss Deborah, meekly. And she went out of the surgery.

Presently young Cheese came leaping into it.

"The breakfast's ready," cried he.

Jan stretched out his long arm, and pinned Master Cheese.

"What have you been saying to Miss Deb?" he asked. "Look here: who is your master now?"

"You are, I suppose," said the young gentleman.

"Very well. You just bear that in mind; and don't go carrying tales in-doors of what Deerham says. Attend to your own business and leave Dr. West's alone."

Master Cheese was considerably astonished. He had never heard the like speech from easy Jan.

"I say, though, are you going to turn out a bantam with three tails?" asked he.

"Yes," replied Jan. "I have promised Dr. West to keep you in order, and I shall do it."

Dr. West's was not the only departure from Deerham that was projected for that day. The other was that of Lionel Verner. Fully recovered, he had deemed it well to waste no more time. Lady Verner suggested that he should remain in Deerham until the completion of the year: Lionel replied that he had remained in it rather too long already; that he must be up and doing. He was eager to be "up and doing," and his first step towards it was the proceeding to London and engaging chambers. He fixed upon the first day of November for his departure, unconscious that that day had also been fixed upon by Dr. West for his. However, the doctor was off long before Lionel was out of bed.

Lionel rose, all excitement, all impulse, to begin his journey, to be away from Deerham. Somebody else rose with feelings less pleasurable: and that was Lucy Tempest. Now that the real time of separation had come, Lucy awoke to the state of her own feelings; to the fact that the whole world contained but one beloved face for her—that of Lionel Verner.

She awoke with no start, she saw nothing wrong in it, she did not ask herself how it was to end, what the future was to be; any vision of marrying Lionel, which might have flashed across the active brain of a more sophisticated young lady, never occurred to Lucy. All she knew was, that she had somehow glided into a state of existence different from anything she had ever experienced before; that her days were all brightness, the world an eden, and that it was the presence of Lionel that made the sunshine.

She stood before the glass, twisting her soft, brown hair, her cheeks crimson with excitement, her eyes bright. The morrow morning would be listless enough; but *this*, the last on which she would see him, was gay with rose hues of love. Stay! not gay. That is a wrong expression; it would have been gay but for that under current of feeling, which was whispering that a short hour or two and all would change to the darkest shade.

"He says it may be a twelvemonth before he shall come home again," she said to herself, her white fingers trembling as she fastened her pretty morning dress. "How lonely it will be! What shall we do all that while without him? Oh, dear, what's the matter with me this morning?"

In her perturbed haste, she had fastened her dress all awry, and had to undo it again. The thought that she might be keeping them waiting breakfast—which was to be taken that morning a quarter of an hour earlier than usual—did not tend to expedite her. Lucy thought of the old proverb: "The more haste, the less speed."

"How I wish I dare ask him to come sooner than that to see us! But he might think it strange. I wonder he should not come! there's Christmas, there's Easter, and he must have holiday then. A whole year, perhaps more; and not to see him!"

She passed out of the room and descended, her soft skirts of pink-shaded cashmere sweeping the staircase. You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's. It had lain by almost ever since, and was now converted into a morning dress. The breakfast-room was empty. Instead of being behind her time, Lucy found she was before it. Lady Verner had not risen; she rarely did rise to breakfast; and Decima was in Lionel's room, busy over some of his things.

Lionel himself was the next to enter. His features broke into a glad smile when he saw Lucy. A fairer picture, she, Mr. Lionel Verner, than even that other vision of loveliness which your mind has been pleased to make its ideal—Sibylla!

"Down first, Lucy!" he cried, shaking hands with her. "You wish me somewhere, I dare say, getting you up before your time."

"By how much—a few minutes!" she answered, laughing. "It wants twenty minutes to nine. What would they have said to me at the rectory, had I come down so late as that?"

"Ah, well, you won't have me here to torment you to-morrow. I have been a trouble to you, Lucy, take it altogether. You will be glad to see my back turned."

Lucy shook her head. She looked shyly up at him in her timidity; but she answered truthfully still:

"I shall be sorry; not glad."

"Sorry! Why should you be sorry, Lucy!" and his voice insensibly assumed a tone of gentleness. "You cannot have cared for me; for the companionship of a half dead fellow, like myself!"

Lucy rallied her courage.

"Perhaps it was because you were half dead that I cared for you," she answered.

"I suppose it was," mused Lionel, aloud, his thoughts cast back to the past. "I will bid you good-by, now, Lucy, while we are alone. Believe me that I part from you with regret; that I do heartily thank you for all you have been to me."

Lucy looked up at him, a yearning, regretful sort of look, and her eyelashes grew wet. Lionel had her hand in his, and was looking down at her.

"Lucy, I do think you are sorry to part with me!" he exclaimed.

"Just a little," she answered.

If you, good, grave sir, had been stoical enough to resist the up-turned face, Lionel was not. He bent his lips and left a kiss upon it.

"Keep it until we meet again," he whispered.

Jan came in while they were at breakfast.

"I can't stop a minute," were his words when Decima asked him why he did not sit down. "I thought I'd run up and say good-by to Lionel, but I am wanted in all directions. Mrs. Verner has sent for me, and there are the regular patients."

"Dr. West attends Mrs. Verner, Jan," said Decima.

"He did," replied Jan. "It is to be myself, now. West is gone."

"Gone!" was the universal echo. And Jan gave an explanation.

It was received in silence. The rumors affecting Dr. West had reached Deerham Court.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Verner?" asked Lionel. "She appeared as well as usual when I quitted her last night."

"I don't know that there's anything more the matter with her than usual," returned Jan, sitting down on a side-table. "She has been going in some time for apoplexy."

"Oh, Jan!" uttered Lucy.

"So she has, Miss Lucy. As Dr. West has said. I have not attended her."

"Has she been told it, Jan?"

"Where's the good of telling her?" asked Jan. "She knows it fast enough. She'd not forego a meal, if she saw the fit coming on before night. Tynn came round to me, just now, and said his mistress felt poorly. The Australian mail is in," continued Jan, passing to another subject.

"Is it!" cried Decima.

Jan nodded.

"I met the postman as I was coming out, and he told me. I suppose there'll be news from Fred and Sibylla."

After this little item of information, which called the color into Lucy's cheek—can best knew why—but which Lionel appeared to listen to impassively, Jan got off the table:

"Good-by, Lionel," said he, holding out his hand.

"What's your hurry, Jan?" asked Lionel.

"Ask my patients," responded Jan. "I am off the first thing to Mrs. Verner, and then shall take my round. I wish you luck, Lionel."

"Thank you, Jan," said Lionel. "Nothing less than the woolsack, of course."

"My gracious!" said literal Jan. "I say, Lionel, I'd not count upon that. If only one in a thousand gets to the woolsack, and all the lot expect it, what an amount of heart-burning must be wasted!"

"Right, Jan. Only let me lead my circuit, and I shall deem myself lucky."

"How long will it take you before you can accomplish that?" asked Jan. "Twenty years?"

A shade crossed Lionel's countenance. That he was beginning late in life, none knew better than he. Jan bade him farewell, and departed for Verner's Pride.

Lady Verner was down before Lionel went. He intended to take the quarter past ten o'clock train.

"When are we to meet again?" she asked, holding her hand in his.

"I will come home to see you soon, mother."

"Soon! I don't like the vague word," returned Lady Verner. "Why cannot you come for Christmas?"

"Christmas! I shall scarcely have gone."

"You will come, Lionel?"

"Very well, mother. As you wish it, I will."

A crimson flush—a flush of joy—rose to Lucy's countenance. Lionel happened to have glanced at her. I wonder what he thought of it?

His luggage had gone on, and he walked with a hasty step to the station. The train came in two minutes after he reached it. Lionel took his ticket and stepped into a first-class carriage.

All was ready. The whistle sounded, and the guard had one foot on his van-step, when a shouting and commotion was heard. "Stop! Stop!" Lionel, like others, looked out, and beheld the long legs of his brother Jan come flying along the platform. Before Lionel had well known what was the matter, or had gathered in the hasty news, Jan had pulled him out of the carriage, and the train went shrieking on without him.

"There goes my luggage, and here am I and my ticket!" cried Lionel. "You have done a pretty thing, Jan. *What* do you say?"

"It's all true, Lionel. She was crying over the letters when I got there. And pretty well I have raced back to stop your journey. Of course you will not go away now. He's dead."

"I don't understand yet," gasped Lionel, feeling, however, that he did understand.

"Not understand," repeated Jan. "It's easy enough. Fred Massingbird's dead, poor fellow; he died of fever three weeks after they landed: and you are master of Verner's Pride." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you'd be truly blest in love,
Be constant as the turtle dove,
To Him whom Heaven has made your choice—
Love and obey (at church your voice;)
For better take him, or for worse,
For bags of gold, or empty purse,
For love or hate, for peace or war,
For kiss or kick, box, bruise or scar;
Whichever is your lot in life,
Be still the good and loving wife;
Always kind, sincere and free,
The housewife with economy;
Obliging, modest, chaste and gay;
Polite and cheerful—never nay;
Content with little, meek with riches—
And for peace's sake, don't wear the breeches!

☞ BAD HABITS RENOUNCED.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation. In such a combat, he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit: wit pleads—fear dishartens. He that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

☞ Do you ask me, where be my jewels? My jewels are my husband and his triumphs, said Phocion's wife. Do you ask me, where be my ornaments? My ornaments are my two sons, brought up in virtue and learning, said the mother of the Gracchi. Do you ask me, where be my treasures? My treasures are my friends, said Constantius, the father of Constantine.

☞ Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolsack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

☞ Two surgeons lately married sisters, so that, as was remarked at the "happy nuptials," those who had been for some time past brothers in-medicine, became also, by that auspicious event, brothers-in-law as well.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

The Recent Rebel Movement.

We see a great deal in the daily papers relative to the recent rebel movement on Manassas, but Gen. Pope's official report gives a clear statement of matters up to the date at which it was written—with the exception of stating the route the rebels took to gain his rear. According to the Washington Star, the force in question is the army corps of the rebel Gen. Jackson and Stuart's independent cavalry corps. They (the infantry and artillery) marched, about 30,000 strong, from near Waterloo, on the head waters of the Rappahannock, around by White Plains, to Manassas (about 40 miles), in two days, without wagons, tents, blankets, or even knapsacks, thus leaving their baggage of every description to be transported by the wagons with the other army corps of Lee's forces following on behind them.

As we write this, the issue is still in doubt. The rebel movement is a bold, but we should think a very hazardous one; and, with equal boldness and celerity on the Union side, they should be crushed between our divisions, before Lee can make a diversion in their favor. Before we go to press we shall probably be able to inform our readers as to the result.

——Since writing the above we have received the news of a second great battle at Bull Run, to which we refer the reader.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" IN ENGLAND.

It would appear that the doctrine of "Woman's Rights"—having been crowded out of this country in a degree by the war—is now disturbing our English friends a little. The University of London, it seems, at present has no power to receive female candidates; but, it being in contemplation to procure an amended charter, the question was brought before the Senate of the University, as to whether the power to receive female students should be applied for. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Senate, the Vice-Chancellor, (Mr. George Grote, the historian of Greece,) moved a resolution as follows:—

"That the Senate will endeavor, as far as their powers reach, to obtain a modification of the charter, rendering female students admissible to the degrees and honors of the University of London, on the same conditions of examinations as male students, but not rendering them admissible to become members of Convocation."

There voted with Mr. Grote the following members of the Senate:—Dr. Foster, Chairman of the Convocation; Mr. Robert Lowe, M. P., Vice-President of the Privy Council; Mr. Paget; Sir Edward Ryan; Dr. Roget; Mr. Senior, the well-known political economist; Lord Stanley; and Mr. Twistleton. The noes were—the Chancellor (Lord Granville;) Lord Overstone; Dr. Arnott; Dr. Billing; Mr. Faraday; Dr. Gull; Mr. Jessel; Mr. Kiernan, surgeon; Mr. Oslar; and Dr. Storrar.

The vote thus stood 9 ayes to 10 nays. Of the nays five were medical men. Of course the motion was lost; but the "Woman's Rights" party certainly developed no slight degree of strength, whether the number or character of the supporters of Mr. Grote's motion be considered.

WELL PUT.

The *London Daily News*—commenting on Earl Russell's recent allusion to the popular enmity manifested in America towards England—says:

"The formal intercourse of responsible governments is regulated by the maxims and usages of international law, by recognized principles of public right, not by the fluctuations of popular feeling. These maxims of public law remain as the guides of public action amidst all the various changes of opinion, and it is but a poor boast for any government to say it has not been deterred by unfriendly criticism from doing its obvious duty towards a friendly power. Besides, in this particular case Mr. Seward might well reply in the words of the Foreign Secretary's own dispatch: 'As to the course of opinion in this country, the President [the Foreign Secretary] is aware that perfect freedom of comment upon all public events is in this country the invariable practice, sanctioned by law, and approved by the universal sense of the nation.'"

Again, the *News* puts the case in a still stronger light as follows:—

"Recent events have, however, furnished Mr. Seward with another retort more pointed and direct if not more conclusive. Whatever insults may have been 'heaped on the British name' in America, *no public man of character and position on the other side of the Atlantic has yet, that we know of, rewked the whole British nation in the presence of the leading representatives of the American Government*, and with the hearty support of the leading organs of that Government. An English member of Parliament (Mr. Roebuck,) however, has recently called the people of the Northern states '*the scum and refuse of Europe*,' *in the presence of the Prime Minister of England, and at a public banquet given in his honor*; and the Journal that specially represents the Prime Minister applauds the speaker and the speech to the very echo."

Yes, Lord Palmerston sat still, and heard the Northern states called "the scum and refuse of Europe"—and yet his colleague complains of the unfriendly criticisms of the American newspapers!

But we shall not take offence at the epithet in question—it is too absurd. Besides, the *London News* has put us in too good a humor. We "guess," however, that the Sheffield merchants do not think us too vile a "scum" to skim whenever they get the opportunity. Many a million of good gold dollars have they skimmed off of us in times that are past. Remembering this fact, Sheffield should not make faces at those who have been, and may be again, her best customers.

The Wooden Walls of England.

John Scott Russell recently delivered an address before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in which he said that the true reason why the English naval commanders did not attempt to take Cronstadt and Sebastopol in the war with Russia, was that they had not confidence in their "wooden walls." He said:

You were all astonished, and wanted to know why Sir Charles Napier did not take Cronstadt, and that our other fleet did not take Sebastopol. It was well known to professional men then why we did not, and there is now no reason why the secret should be kept. Our enemies know it, so why not our friends? Our sailors were not fools enough to stand to their guns in wooden ships exposed to horizontal shell firing. The speaker had read a letter from Lord Dundonald, one of the bravest sailors that ever trod the deck, written by him to Napier off Cronstadt, in which he expresses the greatest apprehension that Sir Charles would be goaded on to try the attack with what he called combustible ships. We tried Sebastopol—or rather we tried to "make believe." We drew up our fleet a great way off, and one or two brave sailors did go in closer. But the Russian gunners were trained to horizontal shell firing, and they soon found out it was best to be further off. The admiral was to be considered the wisest man on board the fleet, for he anchored his ship the farthest off. Those ships that ventured in were rendered by these shells incapable of continuing the action, and it is not now considered a disgrace to those sailors to say that after three shells had exploded in one ship, it was not possible to find men "fools" enough to stand to the guns. Now, you know why we did not take Cronstadt; and why you did not know it sooner was because the government did not wish you should fall to believe in the wooden walls. At last, however, the Monitor and Merrimac have let out the secret, and I am here to tell you the whole truth. It need not be said that those shells at Sinope and Sebastopol were not the perfect weapons we have now—the Armstrong shells are much more precise, and will scatter greater destruction around them. How much more I may not tell.

And yet the naval commanders of America have not hesitated to lay their wooden walls alongside of the defences of Port Royal and New Orleans, and by daring and skill combined achieved the greatest successes. There was not an iron-clad in the fleet that encountered below New Orleans two stone-forts, iron-clad rams and gunboats, and fire-ships. *Dupont* and *Farragut* have proved what can be done even in these times of iron and stone, with wooden walls and brave hearts.

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

We see it stated that the decision in the Court of Arches has been favorable to the authors of that famous work, "Essays and Reviews." The ground taken by the Court is that the views declared in that work are not definitely prohibited by the thirty-nine articles. We have not seen the decision, but a contemporary says:—

Suit having been regularly instituted by one of the Bishops against some of the authors of Essays and Reviews for teaching contrary to the doctrines of the Church of England, they pleaded that the thirty-nine articles nowhere prohibited the doctrine which they taught, and that while the articles maintain that nothing is to be required of any man to be believed that is contrary to Holy Scripture, or that may not be proved thereby, and while the canonical authority of the Sacred Books is generally maintained, nice questions as to more than this, such as the preservation or authorship of each particular book, or which of different theories of inspiration is preferable, are not to asserted by the articles of that Church as to make every man necessarily an offender for teaching opinions contrary to those usually held.

Dr. Lushington, in his decision, very properly remarked, that the question before him to decide was not the truth or falsehood of the doctrines in question, but whether the Church of England in the thirty-nine Articles definitely declared against such views, so that persons holding them could not have liberty to remain within the establishment without being silenced. His decision was in favor of the defendants so far on the technical question. Had it been otherwise, a very large part of the most earnest, pious and learned of the clergy of that church would have been restricted of liberty of thought to a degree that would have been dangerous.—There are many things said in all free discussions which are not true, but which yet are better far tolerated than suppressed by force of exclusion. No doubt the authors of these essays and reviews have made statements that very few besides themselves would fully agree to. But the discussion will do good.

IMAGINATIVE.

"Ada Clare," in the *New York Leader*, goes into raptures over Isabelle Cubas, who is dancing now at the Cremorne Gardens in that city. She finds in her the prototype of Dr. Holmes' snaky heroine, "Elsie Venner." "Ada" says:—

In this gorgeous dancer are all the magic lightness, the supple splendor, the burning eyes, the low, flattened forehead, the shining black hair, the almost painfully dazzling teeth, which characterize Holmes' remarkable heroine. All that is lacking to make her the actual Elsie Venner, is that instead of repulsing the human race, she attracts us with an irresistible attraction; she fascinates us instead of snakes, and for aught I know would fascinate snakes, too, if they were judges of female charms.

The last time I saw her she reminded me of a great, gorgeous butterfly, swimming in the air; then of a tropic bird fluttering on some voluptuous night breeze; then of some terrible panther at bay, throwing up its graceful limbs and bounding in the air, at sport with the sunbeams.

Certainly we shall have to go and see the Cubas after such a tropical description, if the "gorgeous butterfly" lights again anywhere in this vicinity—and sends us a free ticket.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—If the Richmond papers can be believed, the Unionism of Vance, the new Governor of North Carolina, is of rather a doubtful character, inasmuch as he is reported to have said, in his inaugural address, that the people of North Carolina must "stand by the Government until the last vestige of thraldom is driven from the soil"—meaning by "thraldom," we suppose, the rule of the Federal authorities.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Memphis correspondent of a Chicago paper, who was recently arrested for the mendacious messages he sent north relative to the ten iron gunboats received by the rebels from England, &c., is appropriately named Isham (*I sham*).

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDWIN BROTHERTOFT. By THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This third and last of the posthumously published novels of Theodore Winthrop, bears unmistakeable traces of the same liveliness of narrative and graphic powers of description which have so impressed the public in "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," but bears no comparison with the real force and depth of those works. Besides the almost inevitable loss of resemblance incident to a story of the life of a hundred years ago,—the translation from the things which an author has seen and known to those which he has read and dreamed of,—the plot is not an agreeable one, and the characters are rather sketched in outline than painted with firm, free hand. Edwin Brothertoft, the descendant of a line of colonial magnates, each of whom has had in life "one office, to be the type gentleman of his time," is a delicate and evanescent, though pleasing portrait. His ill chosen wife stands out from the canvas in her coarse and wicked beauty the more vividly by the very force of what is worst in her. Lucy, the maiden heroine, is little more than a fair shade, and Major Peter Skerritt's most prominent point is his chestnut-leaf moustache. The old negro, Voltaire, is perhaps the best of all the characters, though the author's stubborn determination not to allow his specimen negro to "talk Tombigbee" as he phrases it, deprives him of the piquant individuality resulting from a peculiar dialect. It is only when Voltaire drops into "nigger lingo" that he is truly delightful.

The story is one of Revolutionary times, and buff-and-blue and scarlet uniforms flourish in its pages. Characters with whose names every one is familiar, are frequently introduced, but the description often presents them under an entirely new light. Winthrop's Washington is a jolly good fellow, who jokes with his "boys," as he calls his aides de camp, and takes repartees from them in return; "not," says the author, indignantly, "the stilted prig that modern muffs have made him." His André, on the other hand, is a coxcomb, a petit maître, a gentleman in neither heart nor manner, "a Jack of all airs and graces." A strange description of the hero-martyr for whom so many fair eyes have wept in all these years, but it may be nearer the truth than the generally received one.

In speaking of the lack of interest in this story, it is only meant to compare it with its two predecessors. It is, in spite of the falling-off alluded to, anything but commonplace. On the contrary, if we should name a fault in its style it would be that its liveliness sometimes verges on bounce and splutter. In this respect we are often reminded by it of the writings of Charles Reade.

This is, we believe, the last of the works left in the publisher's hands at the time of Winthrop's death, except the series of articles now publishing in the Atlantic Monthly under the title of "Life in the Open Air." It is no wonder that their number, and the singular circumstance of works of such merit finding no publisher during their author's life, should arouse suspicion that some anonymous writer is introducing his works under Major Winthrop's name; even though the style of authorship is so palpably the same with that of the "Seventh Regiment" article, which was the commencement of its author's literary fame. The enigma of their production has never been explained to the public, but we presume there is really no doubt as to the identity of their author with the gallant young soldier whose untimely death has been so widely deplored.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, with a Memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

EPITAPH ON A HERMIT.

For years upon a mountain's brow
A hermit liv'd—"The Lord knows how;"
A robe of sackcloth he did wear,
He got his food,—"The Lord knows where."
Hardship and penance were his lot;
He often pray'd,—"The Lord knows what."
At last this holy man did die,
And left this world,—"The Lord knows why."
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And he shall rise,—"The Lord knows when."

☞ The New York Herald speaks of the "*talented translatress*" of a certain work. The Providence Journal aptly asks:—"Is she a good readeress and writeress also?"

☞ The lady patronesses of the Almack Balls, at the time when trowsers were beginning to supersede the immemorial knee-breeches, issued an edict or proclamation, which ran textually and literally thus:—"No gentleman will be admitted without breeches."

☞ The English Government has at present in course of construction no lower than 50 iron plated ships of war of various dimensions, from 60 guns to 8; and 14 alone are of 70,000 tonnage, carrying 500 Armstrong guns! All these vessels will soon be in a fit state for launching. Independently of these 50 vessels, England has afloat nearly 1,000 ships of war.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. POPE.

One Thousand Prisoners Captured.

WASHINGTON, August 30.—The following dispatch from General Pope has been received:—

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Aug. 28—10 P. M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:—As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right towards Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there, two days before, had not yet arrived there from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camps at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed McDowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, and Reno's division, to march upon Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzleman to march on Greenwich; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction. McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy, which had passed down to Manassas through Gainesville, and his main body, which was moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished. Longstreet, who had passed through the gap, being driven back to the west side. The forces sent to Greenwich were designed to support McDowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching towards Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, and capturing their camps, and baggage, and many stands of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by way of Centreville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton.

He was met when six miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Sigel.

Late this afternoon a severe fight took place, which has been terminated by the darkness.

The enemy was driven back at all points; and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight, from Centreville, and I do not see how he is to escape without heavy loss.

We have captured a thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

PUSH NORTHWARD.

From the Grenada Appeal (a rebel paper), Aug. 15.

Every day, as well as every indication from the North, serves to impress upon us not only the importance, but the absolute necessity, of a formidable forward movement of our armies, and the repossession of our lost ground, before the forces of the enemy shall be strengthened in overwhelming power by the new levies. There is no longer any room to doubt that Lincoln will very speedily get all the troops he has called for, and to resist successfully their overrunning our country will tax the patriotism as well as the bravery and muscle of our people. The South should—nay, must—put forth all her available strength, and draw upon all her resources, to check the advance of the Northern hordes that will be hurled upon us the coming fall.

As yet our people have only had a foretaste of the troops. The horrors and miseries are yet in store for them; if the Yankees, in redoubled force, are permitted to march in and infest our country. They threaten to, and, if not prevented by the strong arm of our brave men, will come down upon us with overwhelming power, marching from the northern border of the Confederacy to the Gulf of Mexico.

We do not wish to excite the fears of our people, but we do wish to warn them in time, in order that they may provide against the disasters threatened them. The North has as yet taxed lightly her energies and her resources, especially her resources in men.

In view of the state of affairs here foreshadowed, it behooves the South, without delay, to throw into the field every available man within her borders, make a bold push for the northern boundary of our territory, meet the enemy at the threshold, and thus save our homes and country from further pillage and devastation. Supineness and inaction now are the sure precursors of subjugation and ruin.

THE DRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin confidently expects to make arrangements to allow each district of the state a reasonable time to furnish its quota of troops in volunteers, and thus obviate the draft entirely. As soon as the enrolment is completed and returned the quota of each county, township, precinct and borough will be ascertained, together with the credit each is entitled to for men in the service. Having ascertained the number of men to be drafted in each sub division of each county, an opportunity and a reasonable time will be given to furnish the quota as volunteers.

The draft was postponed till the 15th of September to afford ample time for these arrangements. It is expected that the quota of each county and sub-divisions can be ascertained by the 5th of September.

THE APPORTIONMENT.—The following is the apportionment of the militia to be drafted into the service of the U. S. Government, under the recent requisition of the President for 300,000 militiamen from the several states, as follows:—

Pennsylvania, 45,821; New York, 59,705; Ohio, 36,858; Illinois, 26,148; Massachusetts, 19,080; Indiana, 21,250; Wisconsin, 11,904; Virginia, 4,050; Vermont, 4,898; Rhode Island, 2,712; Connecticut, 7,145; Delaware, 1,720; Iowa, 10,570; Maine, 9,600; Maryland, 8,532; Michigan, 11,889; Minnesota, 2,681; New Hampshire, 5,053; New Jersey, 10,478; Missouri, 8,721; Tennessee, 4,800; Kansas, 1,710.

ORDERED BACK.—The U. S. Frigate New Ironsides has been ordered back to Philadelphia from her expedition to Fortress Monroe. Captain Turner has made a very favorable report as to the good qualities of the vessel, but objects to being sent to sea without her spars. The Ironsides had her spars removed for an expected emergency in James River, at City Point, and as that has passed off, the Navy Department has concluded to send her here to take in her spars, and then send her further south. This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

☞ Some of our contemporaries, says the Boston Journal, speak of the reply of President Lincoln to Mr. Greeley's letter as "unprecedented" in the conduct of rulers. This is hardly true. Some three years and a half ago, the Emperor Napoleon *replied* to the attacks of the English press upon his policy and his intention toward England, in a letter to Sir Francis Head. And that letter, although addressed to an individual, was written for the public. He also answered a letter of three English merchants a year or two ago. Now if an *Emperor* can write to a private citizen, why should not a President, to a man who is both a representative man in his party, and a journalist of great influence.

OF HOT WATER.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.

It has been said that "An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is fighting."

Certain it is that there are some persons (both Irish and others) who delight *to live in hot water*;—who seem to enjoy themselves and thrive in the midst of perpetual contests. And if a man is always in hot water, there is some *presumption* that he is either one of these, or else so injudicious in his measures as to provoke hostility. But a presumption does not imply full proof, nor even a strong probability. It only throws the burden of proof on to the opposite side. *He* may be called on to show how it can be that, without being of a pugnacious disposition, he may yet be often in hot water. And this, I think, *may* be shown.

(1.) A man in public life who belongs to no *party*, and openly avows his disapprobation of parties, will be likely to incur the inveterate hostility of all party men; who are a large portion of mankind.

It is remarked by Thucydides, in writing of the civil contests in Greece, that those who steered a middle course were destroyed by both parties, in resentment at their not joining them, or from grudging them an escape. This is one way in which a peaceably disposed man may incur hostility.

(2.) If he attempts to make peace between those who are contending, he is likely to verify the Scotch proverb, that "the ridder gets aye the worst stroke in the fray." If he decides completely in the favor of one of the parties, he will, of course, have the other against him; and if he perceives that each party is somewhat to blame, though somewhat less so than their opponents represent, he will be likely to have both of them upon him. For those who are engaged in a contest are apt to see no evil on their own side, and no good on their opponent's.

(3.) If he is an enemy to jobs and abuses of all kinds, he will incur the hostility of all those (and they are not a few) who from these derive some advantage. And he will probably be disliked, not only by those whom he has immediately to deal with, but also by others who may suspect that their turn will come next; even as pickpockets, when not actually detected, hate the sight of a policeman; and as rats have a universal antipathy to a ferret.

(4.) A large portion of mankind have something of sham about them; something of disguise or pretension, and profession of one motive while another, the real one, is suppressed. All such persons feel an instinctive aversion and dread towards any one whom they believe to see through them. They remind one of a sort of fairies of Scandinavian mythology, who had the appearance of beautiful damsels, and endeavored to allure an incautious stranger, but, in reality, were hollow like masks, and where therefore most cautious not to let any get behind them, and thus detect their emptiness.

(5.) Any one who is so far ahead of his age as to foresee future dangers, and difficulties, and needs, that are overlooked by most of his neighbors, will be almost sure to be vehemently denounced by them as a dangerous innovator, for proposing precautionary steps. And if anything does take place which he had predicted and forwarned them of, they will perhaps be even the more displeased with him on account of the superior foresight which he has displayed, which they feel as a kind of reproach to themselves.

From any of these causes, and much more from all of them combined, it may happen that a peaceable man will often be in hot water.

MIASM.

The scourge of camps, especially in the fall of the year, is an emanation from the surface of the earth, most virulently poisonous at sunset and sunrise, throughout the United States, the more southward, and is called *Miasm*, sometimes more specifically, "Marsh Miasm." Formerly, (and perhaps now,) the steps of St. Peter's, at Rome, were covered every night, with sleeping harvesters, who spent the day in cutting and gathering the grass and grain in the Pontine and other marshes, and broad, flat, damp fields, around the "Eternal City," because, ignorant and degraded as they are, they know that to sleep in those fields, even under cover, is certain sickness, and in thousands of cases death itself in a few days, by malignant fevers or wasting bowel-complaints. The noisome fumes of carrion beasts are pure polar winds, in comparison to the deadly effects of a miasmatic atmosphere, which, while it is being breathed, appears so deliciously cool and fresh and pure, that scientific intelligence can scarcely (and often does fail to) break the victim away from the fatal spell. But miasm is under certain laws, and medical investigation has ascertained with certainty several of these, and the means by which this invisible but deadly agency may be deprived of its power to harm or to destroy. In ordinary circumstances, in our latitudes, persons may sleep out of doors in miasmatic districts, without injury, if between the times of an hour or so after sundown, and as long before the succeeding sunrising; while from an hour after sunrise, until near the succeeding sunset, being the day-time, it is not hurtfully present. It is only for the hour or two, including sunrise and sunset, from August until November, or two or three good frosts, that armies should be most on their guard against that invisible and entrancing foe, which has slain a thousand times more soldiers in all past times, than sword, bullet, and cannon-ball, by the bowel-complaints, and fevers, and epidemics, and plagues, which it has the power to engender. There are three agencies which always will perfectly and safely antagonize all the ill effects of Miasm, to wit: 1st. A good warm meal; 2d. Heat; 3d. Cold. It is curious to notice how each of these acts differently. Cold only paralyzes miasm, for, like the frozen adder, it comes to life to destroy as soon as it is warmed. Heat, continuously applied, sends the miasm to the clouds, hence its innocuousness in the heat of the day everywhere; while a hearty, warm breakfast or supper makes the system impervious to its effects, makes it invulnerable, repels its deadly onslaughts. Miasm arises from only one source, and that is a combination of three familiar agencies, each one of which must be always present, or its generation is absolutely impossible, namely, heat over eighty degrees acting on vegetable substances which have moisture; or heat, vegetation, moisture. Any individual may escape the effects of miasm by invariably taking a warm breakfast an hour before sunrise in the morning, and a warm supper awhile before sundown; or a pint of hot coffee, or any kind of hot tea or milk, or simple hot water, with a thimbleful of cayenne pepper in it; but a regular meal lasts much longer in its antagonizing effects. Kindling a brisk fire in the sitting room, to burn for the hour including sunrise and sunset, will protect any family from fall epidemics; and the same will be done for armies, by keeping the camp-fire burning during the nights along the streets of tents, a million times better than quinine and whiskey.—*Dr. Hall.*

A NORWEGIAN HOME.

The houses in which these country people reside are not altogether unlike the small log-cabins of the early settlers on our western frontier. I have seen many such on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Built in the most primitive style of pine logs, they stand upon stumps or columns of stone, elevated some two or three feet from the ground, in order to allow a draft of air underneath, which in this humid climate is considered necessary for health. They seldom consist of more than two or three rooms, but make up in number what they lack in size. Thus a single farming establishment often comprises some ten or a dozen little cabins, besides the large barn, which is the nucleus around which they all centre; with smaller cribs for pigs, chickens, etc., and here and there a shed for the cows and sheep, all huddled together among the rocks or on some open hill-side without the least apparent regard to direction or architectural effect. The roofs are covered with sod, upon which it is not uncommon to see patches of oats, weeds, moss, flowers, or whatever comes most convenient to form roots and give consistency and strength to this singular overtopping. The object, I suppose, is to prevent the transmission of heat during the severe season of winter.

Approaching some of these hamlets or farming establishments during the summer months, the traveller is frequently at a loss to distinguish their green-sodded roofs from the natural sod of the hill-sides, so that one is liable at any time to plunge into the midst of a settlement before he is aware of its existence. Something of a damp, earthy look about them, the weedy or grass-covered tops, the logs green and moss grown, the dripping eaves, the veins of water oozing out of the rocks, give them a peculiarly northern and chilling effect, and fill the mind with visions of long and dreary winters, rheumatisms, colds, coughs and consumptions, to which it is said these people are subject. Nothing so wild and primitive is to be seen in any other part of Europe. A silence almost death-like hangs over these little hamlets during a great part of the day, when the inhabitants are out in the hills attending their flocks or cultivating their small patches of ground. I passed many groups of cabins without seeing the first sign of life, save now and then a few chickens or pigs rooting about the barn-yard. The constant impression was that it was Sunday, or at least a holiday, and that the people were either at church or asleep. For one who seeks retirement from the busy haunts of life, where he can indulge in uninterrupted reflection, I know of no country that can equal Norway. There are places in the interior where I am sure he would be astonished at the sound of his own voice. The deserts of Africa can scarcely present a scene of such utter isolation.—*Harper for August.*

NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad—there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

☞ A lady in Gainstown bought eight acres of worn-out stony land at forty dollars an acre, and set it out in an orchard at an expense of two hundred dollars. She cropped it every year, cleared two hundred dollars a year, and at the end of six years after the purchase refused twenty-five hundred dollars for the field.

☞ A London medical journal states the case of a man who lived a whole year after his back bone was broken. We mention this as an encouragement and consolation to the Southern Confederacy.

☞ The most remarkable case of indecision we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

☞ Brother Lamson, of the Brighton Reporter, takes life easy. He goes round *cousining* among his friends, and subscribers, saying in, "a good supply of cider, cherries, currants, blueberries, apples and other luxuries." He has large capacity for such things—whatever may be said of his capacity in other directions!—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ A candidate for auditor of public accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced, "Gentlemen, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make—I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a *speaker*; I only want to be an *auditor*.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT BULL RUN.

GEN. POPE'S OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

THE ENEMY DRIVEN FROM THE FIELD.

HEAVY LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES.

Pope Comes Up and Attacks Them Again.

THE REBELS HEAVILY REINFORCED.

Gen. Popo Falls Back to Centreville.

He Is Joined by Franklin's and Sumner's Divisions.

ANOTHER BATTLE EXPECTED.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Headquarters, Field of Battle, Groveton, near Gaines' Mills, August 30, 1862, 5 A. M.—To Major-Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.—We fought a terrific battle here yesterday, with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted, with continuous firing, from daylight until dark, by which time the enemy were driven from the field, which we now occupy.

Our troops are too much exhausted yet to push matters, but I shall do so in the morning, as soon as Fitz John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still on our front, but they are badly used up. We have not less than 8,000 men killed and wounded, and from the appearance of the field, the enemy lost at least two to one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops behaved splendidly.

The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which fact greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy are retreating towards the mountains. I go forward at once to see. We have made great captures, but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—We have positive information from Manassas up to 4 P. M. of yesterday, that the battle was conducted by the army corps of Heintzelman, McDowell and Sigel, on our side, against a rebel force believed to number from fifty thousand to sixty thousand strong—that is against the army corp of Jackson, and we presume a portion of Lee's army that had succeeded in making its way down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap.

The location of the battle of the day was in the vicinity of the Hay Market, and from Hay Market off in the direction of Dudley Church, in other words, but a few miles northwest of the scene of the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Bull Run.

Heintzelman's corps if we are correctly informed, came up with the enemy's rear at about ten o'clock A. M., seven miles from Centreville, which point he left at daybreak.

He found Jackson's command fighting with McDowell or Sigel, or both, on the right, in the direction of Hay Market, the position they took by going north from Gainesville, to command the exit and entrance from Thoroughfare Gap.

Our own correspondent, (a cool, clear-headed man,) who left Centreville at 4 P. M., says that up to that hour the impression prevailed there that nothing definite had resulted from the day's fight.

Persons subsequently arriving, who were on the field of action themselves until 4 P. M., however, represent that the tide of success was decidedly with the Union army, which pushed the rebels successfully on both sides.

An impression prevails that the reserve of Lee's army, supposed to be from twenty to thirty thousand strong, might suddenly appear near the field, and we know that the heavy corps under Fitz John Porter was so posted that it could instantly move upon Lee with equal ease, whether attacking McDowell, Sigel or Heintzelman.

The large force sent from Alexandria yesterday, under Gen. Franklin, to join Pope, made little progress, comparatively, by nightfall. Our hope is that, learning of the extent of the enemy's force this side of the White Plains, they hastened on their march shortly after midnight. Their delay has, however, subjected them to not a few unenviable criticisms in Washington to-day.

The railroad, we are happy to say, has already been repaired quite up to Bull Run, and supplies, &c., are now being transported over it to that point. By midnight, we have every reason to believe, Bull Run bridge will again be passable, when the trains can again run to Manassas.

Ere evacuating Manassas on the day before yesterday, the rebels paroled the 700 Union prisoners they had taken since the commencement of the movement for which they are paying so dearly.

They realized that prisoners, in their present strait, were but an elephant on their hands and wisely got rid of them. These 700 covered all the stragglers they had taken, as well as the 500 of Gen. Taylor's brigade.

The engagement has been going on all day to-day, and so distinctly was the cannonading heard early this forenoon (under the influence of a murkey atmosphere,) back of Alexandria, that the impression prevailed here that a heavy engagement was in progress as close as this side of Fairfax Court House.

ANOTHER FIGHT.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Information has reached Washington from private sources that General Pope came up with and attacked the enemy again shortly after 9 o'clock this morning.

The cannonading was distinctly heard in Washington to-day.

The railroad was regularly run this morning from the town of Warrenton to Briscoe, so it is already clear that the only damage remaining to be repaired to the railroad is to rebuild the Bull Run and Rappahannock bridges. The former should be completed to-night, and the latter may be in four or five days.

The fighting up to 12 o'clock to-day was of a desultory character.

We occupy the ground where the rebels had buried their dead.

LATER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The rebels were heavily reinforced yesterday, and attacked Pope's army before the arrival of Generals Franklin and Sumner. The attack was boldly met and a severe battle followed. The advantage on the whole was on the side of the enemy, and Pope fell back to Centreville with his whole army, in good order.

He has now been joined at Centreville by Gen. Franklin, and Sumner was upon the march to join him last night. He occupies the strongest position in the neighborhood of Washington, and is expected promptly to renew the contest, with the successes of Friday.

THE LATEST.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Information received here indicates that there has been but little, if any, fighting to-day.

Our army is well concentrated, and the men are in good condition and spirits.

From Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 31.—In the battle fought yesterday, near Richmond, Ky., the Union force, as near as can be ascertained, was between 8,000 and 9,000. It commenced by Gen. Nelson driving the rebels back, until about four o'clock, P. M., when the rebels were largely reinforced, and crossing the Kentucky river, they captured nearly all our artillery, and routed our men. The rebel force is estimated at 15,000 to 20,000 men. The Federal loss is reported 150 to 200 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is not known, but is said to be heavy. Gen. Nelson was wounded slightly; Col. Warner, of the 18th Kentucky, and Col. Topping, of the 71st Indiana, reported killed.

Miscellaneous.

There is no foundation for the report that Gen. McClellan has received the appointment of commander of the combined armies of Virginia; he retains the command of his own division, while Gen. Pope commands the army of the Rappahannock, and General Burnside that of the Potomac.

The Surgeon General at Washington appeals to the loyal women and children to make lint and send it to various designated United States Surgeons. Gen. E. Cooper, U. S. A., is the surgeon in this city authorized to receive contributions.

A large corps of physicians and surgeons, properly supplied and equipped, have left Philadelphia and Harrisburg for Washington.

Mayor Whiteman, accompanied by a number of persons to attend to the sick and wounded, together with hospital stores, left Boston on the 30th, for Washington.

The British schooner Anna Maria, while trying to run the blockade, had been captured by the gunboat R. R. Cuyler, which left Nassau on the 26th ult.

EXCITING.

Monday, 1½ o'clock P. M.—A dispatch was received in this city from New York this morning that the *Tribune* had a dispatch declaring, among other things, that Gen. Banks had been "cut up," and that Gen. McClellan had been denounced as a traitor. As we write this, another account comes from New York, that *the Tribune office has been closed by government officials.*

A ROSE.—BY AN EPICURE.

I thank thee, fair maid, for this beautiful rose,
Fresh with dew from thy favorite bowers;
In the bloom of the garden no rival it knows,
For the rose is the beefsteak of flowers.

☞ Alluding to the fact that the Indian squaws are frequently seen in that city encased in hoops of the first magnitude, the Belfast Journal says that if Pocahontas had worn crinoline "she couldn't have got near enough to Smith to give him the saving embrace that has become historical."

☞ At a recent concert in a town that shall be nameless, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the third piece on the programme had been performed, and said:—"Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me, sir, by requesting your vocalists either to sing louder or to sing in whispers, as there is a conversation going on close by where I sit, that is conducted in such a loud tone as to entirely hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer, certainly, to hear the concert; but if I cannot be so privileged, I desire to hear the conversation." There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience in the hall during the rest of the evening.

☞ A young fellow, a friend of ours—says a Portland paper,—rejoicing in the possession of a *mere sham* pipe, which he was vainly endeavoring to color, was thus accosted by a lady acquaintance of his yesterday: "Do you smoke in the streets, Willie?" "Yes, sometimes," replied he, without removing the pipe from his mouth. "What would tempt you to break off the habit and destroy the pipe?" inquired the fair one. "Oh, *anything*," returned our gallant friend, "even the *smallest* token of your esteem." "Well, here," said she, passing him a roll of lozenges, "let this bind the bargain;" and taking the costly clay piece from his hand, before he could count one, two, she dashed it to the pavement, breaking it into a thousand fragments.

☞ A jewel of a damsel, residing at New Haven, Conn., has furnished, under the signature of "Nora," a few stanzas to the Courier, expressing the outgushing desires of her blessed little innocent heart. The following is a sample:

"With the blessings I have, my wants are but three,
Most simple and definite, nothing that's wild,
I ask for no more than is needful to me—
A husband to love me, with cottage and child."

☞ THE LAST DITCH.—The Continental Monthly has discovered the kind of ditch in which the rebels propose to die. The authority given is one William Shakspeare; the passage is put into the mouth of the repentant traitor, *Enobarbus*, in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul best fits
My latter part of life.

☞ We often hear the expression, "*would to God* so-and-so were the case." In our Bible version we read, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria;" that is to say, "Oh that God would grant." The anomaly seems to have arisen from the French "plut au Dieu," *i. e.*, may it be pleasing to God.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

☞ LOYAL WOMEN.—Mr. Vosburg, of the firm of Pruyn & Vosburg, in Albany, N. Y., on Sunday procured substitutes for his three daughters, paying $300 each. The young ladies insisted upon being represented in the ranks.

☞ AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.—A patriot citizen being met by a friend as he was leaving the Common, was asked if there was any speaking there? "Yes," he replied, "I have just listened to one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard." "What was it?" "Yankee Doodle from a drum and fife."

right,' folding up the slip of paper; "good day, sir; call and see us as often as you can."

* * * "Is the baby asleep, wife?" said the minister, as he looked into the sitting-room a few moments after the frontdoor had closed on his visitor.

"No, husband; why?"

"Because, wife—because"—and he choked down a sob of gratitude—"Johnson has just paid me ten dollars, and I want you to go and spend it at the store."

"Ten dollars! the Lord bless him!" and she covered her face with her hands and wept.

To and fro went the doctor in his little office, revolving in his mind his whole list of patients, and trying to think which of them would be most likely to pay up if he presented his bill. His wife had asked him for ten dollars that morning, and told him she must have it, for he was just naked for shirts and their two little boys hadn't a whole suit of clothes in the world.

"It's no use, no use," muttered he, as he took up his mortar and pestle and pounded away; "no one's got any money, and if they had, they'd run right to the store with it; the doctor's the last man they'd think of paying. Ah! Johnson, how are you? how's the wife, and little John C. Fremont? sit down; sit down."

"I've only a minute to stay. Doctor, got that bill of mine made out?"

"No, I haven't, Johnson, but I can make it out, if you want it."

"Well, I do; I'm round settling up my debts, and thought I wouldn't forget you. 'For professional attendance and medicine, ten dollars.' All right; just what I expected—there," handing him two fives, "just sign your name now, and we'll be even."

"Could you go up to the store this afternoon, wife?" The doctor's eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"For, what, husband?" and his companion looked up from her pile of mending in surprise.

How quick she sprang from her chair, and how she laughed and cried in the same breath. Ten dollars! it was a little fortune to her. She had not seen so much money before in six months.

The butcher's stall was closed, but he had not gone home yet. He was still there, and busy too, wiping off counters, and scrubbing up the floor, and straightening things generally; but not whistling Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia, his two favorite tunes, as was usual, but humming away at one of Watt's solemnest hymns, and looking for all the world like a man going to be hanged. To tell the truth, though one of the jolliest fellows in the world, he was all out of heart that day. He had to put on his Sunday pants that morning, because his everyday ones were so ragged that his wife declared they wouldn't even do for carpet rags, and the doctor had ordered flannel for her, as the only preventive to the cough that had racked her all last winter, and how he was to get a new pair of pants, or she to get flannel was more than he knew. Not a cent coming in; everybody wanting to pay in flour, or potatoes, or butter, or apples, or some such thing.

"Hallos, old fellow! gone home, yet?"

"No, no, Johnson; pull the string, and the latch'll fly up. How are you, wagon-er? don't show your face here very often, any more; turned Grahamite, I reckon."

"Not a bit of it, man; I'm in for a nice steak to-morrow, porter-house, mind; be sure and save it; and see here, old fellow. Here's ten dollars, to shorten your face a little; hang me, if it isn't as long as the moral law. Give me a receipt, quick, and we'll begin anew on the books. That's it; don't forget that steak."

"What's happened, husband?"

"Why?"

"Why, I haven't heard you whistle before for a week. I should think you'd got some money, if there was any in this part of the Union, but I don't believe there is."

"Don't you, wifey? see here. Ten dollars: not a cent more or less. I'd like to keep it a week, just to see how it would seem to have money in my pocket once more; but I can't—it burns my fingers even now." And he whistled Yankee Doodle, till the baby's afternoon nap was completely broken up. "But never mind," he said cheerily, as he tossed the little one to and fro in his brawny arms, "I'll tend her if she's cross. You just put up them patches, and get ready to go to the store. You're a better judge than me, of cloth and flannel. I'm good on beef and pork and mutton, but when it comes to store goods, I'm the biggest fool alive; so, hurry up, wifey, hurry up."

The young merchant stood at his desk, gloomily turning over the leaves of his ledger. He was evidently ill at ease; his brow, usually so placid, was now deeply furrowed; his cheeks were feverish and his eyes heavy. He had been in business but two years, and having but little capital to begin on, had been obliged to run in debt for a portion of his stock. But until now, every payment had been made punctually, and he had felt himself fast getting along in the world. Now his prospects looked gloomy enough. He had a note of five hundred dollars to pay the next Friday, and here, four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, he had but four hundred raised. He had no hopes of making out the remainder, either, for he had been to everybody who owed him, again and again. He must fail—fail for that paltry sum, which, in ordinary times, he could have borrowed of almost any one. Fearful of this, he had, some days before, reluctantly begged of the firm to which he was indebted, an extension of time. The answer to his letter lay before him on the desk. They, too, were in a tight place, and depended upon the payment of his note.

"There is no help for it," he said, shutting o the ledger; "I must *fail*. If it wasn't for wife and the baby—" Just then the door opened, and Johnson entered.

"Don't leave your desk, Grey," he said cheerily, coming toward is, "but just hand me over that bill of mine, if you have made it out."

"Is it possible he's going to settle?" thought the merchant, and great drops of sweat started to his forehead.

"All right," and the customer ran his eye over the items.

"Now, just write your name down there," and he handed it back.

The merchant's fingers shook so, he could hardly hold the pen. "That's it; now you may have these," and Johnson counted out five tens; "and now fly around, and do me up a lot up things, for our buttery as lean as a church mouse."

"I couldn't wait till dinner-time, Lizzie, I couldn't wait," he exclaimed, clasping a beautiful woman in his arms. "I've run every step of the way to tell you the news. We're saved, we're saved."

Two firms saved from failure—four families rescued from want, and how many, many hearts made light and glad by the self-sacrifice of one farmer's wife! Oh! this "making do" is verily, we believe, the best and cheapest remedy for these hard times that crush us all so terribly. Suppose we try it, not one, but all of us. It is said that a pebble thrown into the ocean causes a vibration that does not cease till the opposite shore is touched. How far may not one dollar, saved from family expenses, and turned towards the payment of our honest debts, how far may not *it* go towards bringing back our loved and beautiful land the good times for which we are all sighing? Why not make pebbles of our dollars, and cast them hopefully into the great ocean of want?—*Ladies' Repository.*

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME PUT INTO PRACTICE.

Senator S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, has, by request of the President, consented to organize emigration parties of free colored persons for settlement in Central America, and been commissioned accordingly. This gentleman's former success in organizing emigrant expeditions for the settlement of Kansas and Colorado affords a guarantee of a happy consummation of his present plans. The Government proposes to send out the emigrants in good steamships, and provide them all the necessary implements of labor, and also sustenance until they can gather a harvest.

The following address, prepared by Senator Pomeroy, has been sanctioned by the President:—

To the Free Colored People of the United States.—The hour has now arrived in the history of your settlement upon this continent, when it is within your power to take one step that will secure, if successful, the elevation, freedom and social position of your race upon the American continent.

The President of the United States has already signified his desire to carry out fully, in the letter and spirit of the late Act of Congress, the desire of the National Legislature, which made an appropriation to facilitate your emigration and settlement in some favorable locality outside of these states, and at his request I have consented and agreed with him to aid you in organizing this emigration and in selecting a locality that will be valuable and attractive to your people in itself, as well as give the promise to you and us that it shall be a suitable location for a great, free, and prosperous people.

I now address you as one awake to this momentous revolution in American history, and alive, also, to your interests in this conflict of arms, whereby you are led to hope that in thus unsettling established institutions your people may go free. This, then, is the hour for you to make an earnest effort to secure your own social position and independence by co-operating with those who now reach out their hands to aid you. I ask you to do this by the pride you may have for your struggling and oppressed people, now among us, as well as by the hopes you may indulge of making smooth and prosperous the pathway of coming generations.

I propose, on the 1st day of October next, to take with me one hundred colored men as pioneers in this movement, who, with their families, may equal the number of 500 souls, and for whose benefit the appropriations in the Act of Congress referred to were made. The President will provide for the means of transportation and the protection of the settlement. Being familiar with organizing and settling the early emigration to my own state (Kansas,) I indulge the hope that that experience may be made serviceable to you. I am earnest for the welfare of your people, present and prospective, I want you to consider this as an auspicious period for you. If this travail and pain of the nation becomes the birthday of your freedom let us plant you free and independent, beyond the reach of the power that has oppressed you. Consider this an opening by the wisdom of Divine Providence, when you are called of God to go with me to a country which your oppressed people are soon to receive for their inheritance. I propose to examine, and if found satisfactory and promising, to settle you at Chiriqui, in New Grenada, with the approval of the Government, only about one week's sail from Washington, D. C.

All persons of the African race, of sound health, who desire to take, with me, the lead in this work, will please send their names, the number, sex, and age of the respective members of their families and their post-office address to me, at the city of Washington, D. C. No white person will be allowed as a member of the colony. I want mechanics and laborers—earnest, honest, and sober men—for the interests of a generation, it may be of mankind, are involved in this experiment; and with the approbation of the American people, and under the blessing of Almighty God, it cannot—it shall not fail.

S. C. Pomeroy, U. S. Senate.

A Fable.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along!

☞ Mrs. Partington says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was young as ever she was.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Considered in the abstract, the spectacle of two young people engaged to be married ought to be agreeable and interesting. Young people so situated are, generally speaking, happy. Indeed, we have been informed by persons who have gone through the process of falling in love, and being engaged and finally marrying, that it is one of a deeply gratifying character, looked back upon in after life as a bright spot round which many sweet and pleasant recollections cluster. We ought, therefore, to rejoice in beholding young people serenely passing through so important a phase of their existence. We ought to watch them with interest, greet them with looks of silent approbation, and inwardly pronounce a blessing upon their union. We fear, however—such is the perversity of human nature—that the spectacle is neither agreeable nor interesting to any except doting parents on either side. In fact, at the risk of being deemed unfeeling, we must confess, that, as a rule, young people engaged to be married are rather a bore than otherwise.

We will assume the engagement to be one of a perfectly satisfactory nature. The gentleman is not notoriously profligate, nor conspicuously ill bred. He not only possesses a moderate income of his own, but has the advantage of a fixed profession or employment. Other advantages are his—a father of indulgent temperament with a perpetual balance at the banker's, an elder brother imprudently devoted to steeplechasing, a maiden aunt wealthy and in very indifferent health, an uncle, owner in fee of half-a-dozen houses, with a warm heart and weak intellect. The young lady, too, is not destitute of attractions. Her face is tolerable, her figure not ungainly; there is a *post obit* of a thousand pounds coming to her on "dear papa's decease;" and she will be entitled, as one of five sisters, to a fifth share of the family jewels "when dear mamma is taken from us." We will assume also, as a point not without some slight importance in matrimonial engagements, that the young couple are tenderly attached to one another, or—what for our purpose is much the same thing—imagine themselves to be so. Assume all this to be the case, and yet we adhere to our original position that the presence of the young couple in the social circle is rather a bore than otherwise.

Having a short period of leisure at your disposal, you run down from town to pass a few days with an old friend in the country. His eldest daughter is about to be married, and the fortunate man to whom she has given her hand is one of the guests whom you are invited to meet. To this arrangement you make no manner of objection. Narrow and churlish must be that heart which refuses to sympathize with two young people about to enter the married state under the happiest auspices. You quite look forward to the pleasure of offering your sincere congratulations to Araminta Brown, and to the privilege of being introduced to her intended—Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-Second Lancers—a good-natured young fellow with moderate expectations, and a promising pair of moustaches. But your very first evening at Mr. Brown's comfortable mansion somewhat blunts your tender regard for Araminta, and entirely dissipates your interest in Spoonbill. First of all, though faint with hunger—a sensation to which you are not accustomed—you are kept waiting an unconscionably long time for dinner.

All the guests are assembled, and the second bell rang twenty minutes since. The butler is hovering about the front hall, and in his uneasy expression of countenance you can plainly read the information that the dinner is rapidly cooling. What is the cause of this mysterious delay? It is entirely on account of Spoonbill and Araminta. The young people have been enjoying a romantic drive in the pony carriage, and had no notion how time flew by. At length they make their appearance—Araminta blushing, Spoonbill absurdly smiling, as if there was anything to smile about—and dinner is announced. You take in a lady in every way suited to your taste, and likely to prove an agreeable companion. But, just as you are cautiously subsiding into your chair, amid encircling folds of crinoline on either side, the voice of Mrs. Brown, in a tone of soft but irresistible authority, is heard inviting you to be so kind as to sit on the other side of the table. Why? In the confusion of taking places, Araminta and Captain Spoonbill are unfortunately separated, and of course this will never do. Eighteen persons must be shifted to and fro, and made supremely uncomfortable, in order that the young couple may be posted side by side. At length you sink into a chair, and find a deaf old lady on your left, and a stout man—with whom you particularly wished not to be intimate—on your right.

During dinner you have to shout commonplace remarks into the ear of the lady on the left until you are hoarse, while over the wine your stout friend—with whom you did not wish to be intimate—unbosoms himself of a small octavo volume of family secrets, which he assures you would on no account have communicated to anybody but yourself. However, dinner is a reviving operation, despite all drawbacks, and you wend your way to the drawing-room in a tolerably amiable frame of mind. Araminta chances to be alone on the sofa. Your heart warms toward the daughter of your old friend, and sitting down beside her, coffee-cup in hand, you begin to congratulate her affectionately on the vista of conjugal happiness expanding before her young mind. Very soon you perceive that Araminta is not listening to a word you are saying. Her innocent blue eyes are fixed with an expression of meek adoration on a distant corner of the apartment.

Why is this? Surely it is needless to inquire. Yonder stands Spoonbill, twirling his moustache with rather a foolish expression of countenance, conscious that the object of his affection is waiting for him to approach her, yet he hesitating to do so while the place by her side is occupied. Of course you spring from the sofa at the risk of upsetting your coffee on the Wilton carpet, and resign your place to the embarrassed Spoonbill. The next moment your stout friend—with whom you do not wish to be intimate—grasps you by the arm, resumes his recital of family secrets at the exact point where he left off at dinner-table, and does not release you until it is time to retire for the night.

So much for your first evening at your old friend's house. But the young couple have not done with you yet. Scarce a day passes without special annoyance to some one or other in the family circle entirely on their account. Brown seizes you one morning affectionately by the arm, and hurries you to his library to show you a shelf full of valuable books recently purchased. He opens his library door barely six inches, and suddenly pauses as if he had caught sight of a burglar. A low murmur is heard within. Brown closes the door with the tenderest solicitude, and beats an abrupt retreat. The young couple are engaged in earnest converse, and must not be disturbed. You wander into the shrubberies and plantations, pleased with the notion of roaming just where you please. On turning a corner in the prettiest part of the grounds, of course you come suddenly upon the young couple, and must turn on your heel without a moment's delay, walking in the flurry of the moment head foremost into a holly bush remarkable for severity of foliage. You take a fancy to fish in Brown's trout stream. An hour's walk under a hot sun brings you to a delightful pool in the river—sheltered, quiet and shady—where the fish are rising half a dozen at a time, apparently eager for a little sport. You have scarcely entered thoroughly into your work, and have tossed an undersized trout or two into your basket just to get your hand in, when your ear catches the low murmur of voices behind you. You shudder and look round.

Spoonbill and Araminta are approaching. There is no help for it. You have a character to maintain for ready tact and innate delicacy of feeling. You decamp without delay, and start for a distant part of the stream where the fish are sulky and unsociable, and the gnats and midges malignantly lively. Again, "the course of true love," as we very well know, does not always run smooth. One evening there is a manifest perturbation in the family circle of the Browns. The young couple are not visible. You catch sight, indeed, of the familiar figure of Spoonbill moodily pacing up and down the flower-terrace—varying the occupation by occasionally stopping to gaze at the moon. Araminta is in her bed-room. This you ascertain by an untasted cup of tea being brought back to the drawing-room by a sister in a state of incipient hysterics, who has vainly endeavored to effect an entrance into the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown simultaneously leave the room. Friends and relatives talk in whispers, and a mantle of unmitigated discomfort descends upon the company. After some delay, however, the anxious parents return with smiling countenances. The hysterical sister overcomes an inclination to laugh and sob by hastily swallowing Araminta's discarded tea. The familiar figure of Spoonbill no longer decorates the flower-terrace, but suddenly appears in the outer drawing-room accompanied by Araminta smiling sweetly through her tears. The young couple had had a little misunderstanding, or "tiff," we believe, is the correct expression—a quarrel about the color of somebody's eyes, or the age of somebody's grandmother, or whether Araminta looked best in muslin or watered silk, or whether Spoonbill's moustaches were as long as Harry Johnson's of the Carbineers, or whether it was Thursday, the 21st, or Friday, the 22nd, when the diamond brooch arrived from town—or, to tread upon more delicate ground, a disagreeable and point blank inquiry whether Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-second Lancers would solemnly asseverate that he never, in the whole course of his life, entertained the smallest affection for any young lady on the face of the globe save and except his present amiable intended?

But, whatever the origin of the little unpleasantness, all is now made up and happily settled. The family circle takes courage and begins to talk. Lights are brought in—tea once more handed round—the younger girls sit down to the piano—and Brown, with a face beaming with benevolence, challenges you to chess or billiards as if nothing whatever had happened. This is all very well, but meantime you have spent an exceedingly unpleasant two hours; and, were it not that you are under a solemn compact to attend the wedding, you feel a strong inclination to go to town by the first train to-morrow.

On the whole, you arrive at the conclusion in common with the majority of the family circle, that, as the marriage is to be, the sooner it comes off the better. Parents, however gratified, and friends and relatives, however sympathetic, are apt to feel a trifle exhausted after three or four weeks' entire subserviency to the tastes, wishes and caprices of the happy pair. It is a relief to the household in general when the marriage knot is fairly tied, and the travelling carriage stops the way.

☞ One of the saddest things in Art or Literature is falling just below the mark—aiming at the clouds, and, after *all but* reaching them, dropping at last among the chimney-pots.

☞ The editor of the Saratoga Republican tells the following at his own expense: "Yesterday, wishing, like others to evince our patriotism, we informed the six compositors in our office that if they would enlist we would pay them half wages while they were gone to the war. They replied—'that is more than we ever had before;' and the whole crowd have enlisted! 'That's what's the matter.'"

☞ Peace can do a good deal toward making a gentleman, but war is more likely to finish him.

NEWS ITEMS.

Among the persons lost by the destruction of the steamer Arctic, were Mrs. Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Richardson, wife of Captain Richardson, of the 33d Ohio. It is ascertained that thirty persons perished.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay has taken the field in Kentucky. Gen. Lew Wallace also takes the field.

We learn from Kansas that with a voting population of 16,000, she has over 16,000 men in arms to-day, and the flag of the recruiting officer still waves in every town and hamlet. In some parts of the state the whole able bodied population have enlisted.

Rev. Mr. French, agent of the Government for contrabands in the Department of the South, reached Washington recently, in company with Robert Small, the colored pilot who ran the rebel steamer Planter out of Charleston. Mr. French had an interview with Secretary Chase, and states that there are some fifteen thousand slaves within the military lines of that department at present. He represents them as improving in the schools quite rapidly. Some of the slaves have come over a 150 miles to reach Port Royal, travelling all night, and hiding in the woods in day time. They all state that the negroes have the idea that the day of their deliverance has come. This feeling prevails everywhere among the slaves. Small has got his prize money, and has invested twelve hundred dollars in Government stocks.

Regiments Returning.—The 37th regiment, New York State Militia, and the 7th regiment, both of which have been encamped for some months near Baltimore, have returned home.

The son of the Prince of Capua, a cousin of the Ex-King Francis II., of Naples, has taken service in the Italian army.

Gen. J. C. Fremont and his family are at Gloucester, Mass. Fremont recently made a speech at Boston. He favors immediate emancipation as a war measure.

The 69th New York.—The famous 69th New York regiment have returned. They expect to enter the service again under their old commander, Gen. Corcoran, and form the right of his new Irish brigade.

Coal Oil Lamps Without Chimneys.—A party in Portland, Me., have patented an invention by which they can burn kerosene oil in lanterns without any chimney. They can apply the apparatus to any lantern. It is simple and effectual, and a good light is afforded at half the usual cost.

Gen. Breckinridge, in his hasty retreat from Baton Rouge, left his sword on the field. It is now in possession of a private in the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers. It is a very handsome bit of steel, and bears the name in full of John C. Breckinridge.

The Reason Why.—"There being no water between here and the Mississippi river," says Gen. Breckinridge in his report to Van Dorn, of the battle of Baton Rouge, "I was compelled to come here for it,"—that is, he was "compelled" to fall back to Amite river, a distance of twelve miles. Here was bravery, enterprize, and tactics! General Breckinridge had 8,000 men at his back; the Union army which stood between him and the Mississippi river did not exceed half that number. Yet the rebel general marches off to Amite river for water. Why did he not drink from the Mississippi? That is the question which his admirers are asking.

The apple crop of New England this season will greatly exceed that of any previous year, and of a very superior quality.

A Warning to Seamstresses.—A young woman, named Adelaide Coes, who has been for some time working on army coats and blouses, in Hartford, Conn., has, by rubbing her eyes with her fingers discolored by the cloth, completely destroyed one of her eyes, and seriously injured the other. There must be some powerful poison in the dye of the cloth.

A Rebel Governor in Danger.—Gov. Thomas O. Moore, the chief magistrate of the state of Louisiana, made his appearance in Thibodeaux last week on business. The moment the fact became known the people turned out to mob and murder him. Many people were armed. He begged for mercy, and still but for four women who surrounded him, he would have been shot. The people detest him on account of his cotton burning and sugar-destroying order.—*N. O. Delta.*

Fighting Quakers.—In Richmond, Indiana, the "Quaker City" of the West, the masses are alive with patriotic ardor and the determination to conquer a peace. They hold no meetings and take no bounties, but have just delayed long enough to finish the harvest and leave "the old folks at home" comfortable. The Sixty-ninth Indiana regiment is full, and eight hundred more have enlisted, awaiting orders to form a new regiment. They are for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Miss Clarine Smith, Miss Fanny Hopkins, Miss Florida Neal, Miss Norma Smith, Miss Emeline Neal, Miss Alice Neal and Mrs. Geo. Neal, Jr.—seven interesting secesh ladies of Parkersburg, Va.—were sent to Wheeling for certain causes, and having plumply refused to take the oath of allegiance, they were all snugly stowed away in one of the rooms of the jail. Towards evening, when the novelty of incarceration began to wear off, they all concluded to take the oath, after doing which they were released.

Fined for Watering Milk.—In the Court of Special Sessions, New York, on Thursday, a milkman was prosecuted for adulterating milk at a pump. His counsel contended that the addition of water was not an adulteration of the milk. Mr. Hall, the District Attorney, contended that it was, and that, although some men might suppose that milk was improved by an admixture with brandy, and thus made milk punch still, if a man purchased it as milk, he was entitled to the genuine, unadulterated article. The court agreed with Mr. Hall, and fined the defendant $50.

The discovery of the disappearance of one or two nebulæ in the heavens has excited the liveliest interest among astronomers. So unlooked for a phenomenon fairly startles the hardest understanding. Objects hitherto regarded as firm, enduring and fixed as the pillars of the universe, have been found as unstable as an autumnal meteor. What great revolution in astronomy is about to be made no one can conjecture. The awful mystery only heightens on reflection; and vague, shadowy forebodings of the "rottenness of the pillared firmament" crowd upon the imagination.—*Boston Courier.*

A resemblance between the present cotton famine and the terrible calamity which overtook Ireland seventeen years ago has been traced by a London morning contemporary. The article shows that five millions of the Irish staked all on a tuber; and half that number in England have staked all on a pod. "We preached," says the writer, "to the Irish on their fatuous reliance on the edible. We proclaimed our superior prudence in every assembly all over the world; yet can anybody show us one atom of real difference?"

A Cure for Diptheria.—The Easton Express says:—A lady friend informs us, for publication, that a piece of camphor placed on the tongue, and left there to dissolve, is a sure cure for this dreadful malady. She says it has been tried effectually to her knowledge.

A recruiting tent, in New York, has this motto, "Come in out of the Draft." It is presumed that those who do not enlist now are "out in the cold."

Correspondence Between the French Consul and Gen. Butler.

The French Consul to Gen. Butler.

French Consulate at New Orleans, New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1862.—Sir—The new order of the day, which has been published this morning, and by which you require that all and whatever arms may be in the possession of the people of this city must be delivered up, has caused the most serious alarm among the French subjects of New Orleans.

Foreigners, sir, and particularly Frenchmen, have, notwithstanding the accusations brought against some of them by certain persons, sacrificed everything to maintain during the actual conflict the neutrality imposed upon them.

When arms were delivered them by the municipal authorities, they only used them to maintain order and defend personal property, and those arms have since been almost all returned.

And now it appears, according to the tenor of your order of to-day, that French subjects, as well as citizens, are required to surrender their personal arms, which could only be used in self-defence.

For some time past unmistakeable signs have manifested themselves among the servile population of the city and surrounding country of their intention to break the bonds which bind them to their masters, and many persons apprehend an actual revolt.

It is these signs, this prospect of finding ourselves completely unarmed in the presence of a population from which the greatest excesses are feared, that we are above all things justly alarmed; for the result of such a state of things would fall on all alike who were left without the means of self-defence.

It is not denied that the protection of the United States Government would be extended to them in such an event, but that protection could not be effective at all times and in all places, nor provide against these internal enemies whose unrestrained language and manners are constantly increasing, and who are but partially kept in subjection by the conviction that their masters are armed.

I submit to you, sir, these observations, with the request that you take them into consideration.

Please accept, sir, the assurance of my high esteem. The Consul of France,

Count Mejan.

Lieut. Weitzel, U. S. Engineers, and Assistant Military Commandant of New Orleans.

Head-Quarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, Aug. 14, 1862.

Sir—Your official note to Lieut. Weitzel, Assistant Military Commandant, has been forwarded to me.

I see no just cause of complaint against the order requiring the arms of private citizens to be delivered up. It is the usual course pursued in cities similarly situated to this, even without any exterior force in the neighborhood.

You will observe that it will not do to trust to mere professions of neutrality. I trust most of your countrymen are in good faith neutral; but it is unfortunately true that some of them are not. This causes the good of necessity to suffer for the acts of the bad.

I take leave to call your attention to the fact that the United States forces gave every humanity to Monsieur Bonnegras, who claimed to be the French Consul at Baton Rouge; allowed him to keep his arms, and relied upon his neutrality; but his son was taken prisoner on the battle-field in arms against us.

You will also do me the favor to remember that very few of the French subjects have taken the oath of neutrality which was offered to, but not required of them, by my order No. 41; although all the officers of the French Legion had, with your knowledge and assent, taken the oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States. Then, you see, I have no guarantee for the good faith of men.

I do not understand how it is that arms are altered in their effectiveness by being "personal property," nor do I see how arms which will serve for personal defence, ("qui ne pouvent servir que pour leur defence personnelle,) cannot be as effectually used for offensive warfare.

Of the disquiet which you say there are signs manifesting themselves among the black population, of a desire to break their bonds which bind them to their masters ("certaine dispositions a rompre les liens qui les attachent a leurs maitres,") I have been a not inattentive observer, without wonder, because it would seem natural, when their masters had set them the example of rebellion against constituted authorities, that the negroes, being an imitative race, should do likewise.

But surely the representative of the Emperor, which does not tolerate slavery in France, does not desire his countrymen to be armed for the purpose of preventing the negroes from breaking their bonds.

Let me assure you that the protection of the United States against violence, either by negroes or white men, whether citizens or foreign, will continue to be as perfect as it has been since our advent here, and by far more manifesting itself at all moments and every where (*tous les instants et partout,*) than any improvised citizens' organization can do.

Whenever the inhabitants of this city will, by a public and united act, show both their loyalty and neutrality, I shall be glad of their aid to keep the peace, and indeed to restore the city to them. Till that time, however, I must require the arms of all the inhabitants, white and black, to be under my control. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

Benjamin F. Butler.

To Ct. Mejan, French Consul.

The Colonization of Africans in Chiriqui Objected to.—The Ministers of the Central American Governments have, as we are informed, protested against the proposed colonization of Africans on the Isthmus of Chiriqui, and the Minister of Costa Rica is to have an interview with the President on the subject to-morrow. He says that his Government does not object to the immigration of citizens, but sees danger in the organized planting of colonies by a foreign power on its shore. He says, also, that the grant transferred by Ambrose W. Thompson, as the representative of the Chiriqui Company to the United States, has no validity, having never been confirmed by the proper authorities.—There are those who fear that the main result of the enterprise will be the enrichment of the owners of the mines.—*Washington Cor. Tribune.*

Better Than Being Drafted.—The Muncie (Ind.) Press says: "At a meeting in this county, held for the purpose of getting volunteers, a young lady went to her betrothed, took him by the hand and led him up to the stand where the recruiting officers were taking names of those who desired to enlist in the service of their country, and then, without seeming the least abashed, in the presence of the large assemblage, kissed him, and then laid his hand on the roll for him to sign his name."

Discouraging Enlistments.—Ten persons were arrested in New York, on Thursday and yesterday, for attempting to procure substitutes for persons liable to be drafted.

One of the Pittsburg companies at Camp Curtin contains no less than thirty butchers.

☞ Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you don't get it.

HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."—Isa. xlii. 16.

How few, who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the visions of the way
In colors soft, and bright, and free;
How few, who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God through ways they have not known
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toil for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire
The upland way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast—
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid—
With love to make the labor light;
And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes, and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil;
And if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

And they the bright who long to prove,
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot,
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief to walk to Heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

What matter where the path may be!
The end is clear, and bright to view.
We know that we a strength shall see,
Whate'er the day may bring to do.
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"How I wish father was here now," and Mrs. Smith looked complacently at the pan of cream-biscuits she had just drawn from the oven. "I've had such good luck with these, and he's so fond of them, too. Run, Jimmie; run down to the gate, child, and see if he isn't coming. I do hate, of all things, to have cream-biscuit wait, and these are so nice;" and she turned them from the dripping-pan on to a side-table, and broke them up.

They did indeed look tempting, so light and white, with such a delicate shade of amber-brown on their crusts. When the last one was piled on the plate, a most appetizing odor diffused itself over the old farm-kitchen—an odor that would have made a dyspeptic sigh as he broke in halves his hard brown crackers. Covering them with a towel, fresh from the drawer, she set them on the tea-table, and then resting a hand on each hip, surveyed it carefully, to see if all was there.

It was a genuine old-fashioned Yankee tea-table, such a one as makes our mouth water only to remember, with a homespun linen cloth, snowy as drifted flakes, and yet in its Sunday creases; with a quaint mulberry-colored tea-set; tiny silver spoons that had grown thin with the handling of three generations, and horn-handled knives and forks, scoured to a mirror-brightness. Cream for the morning milk floated in the little pitcher; pure maple-sugar filled the bowl; a pat of butter, golden as the wheat sheaf that was stamped upon it, was flanked on the one side by a ball of new Dutch-cheese, and on the other by a plate of pickles, green and crisp as though fresh from the vines; a quart bowl, just beside the biscuits, held circular slices of beets, tinging the vinegar with the crimson-purple of claret wine; opposite was another, with cider apple-sauce, each great mellow quarter, mellow to the heart, yet perfect in shape, while the four corners of the table bore proudly the pies and cakes; pumpkin-pie, ruddy as the old brick oven in which it had been baked; apple-pie, with upper-crust that dropped into flakes as you cut it; cookies, with caroway seeds in them for flavoring; and doughnuts, brown as a berry on the outside, and creamy-white in their centres.

"Yes, I believe I've got all; now, if he would only come!" and she turned to the fire-place, and lifted the tea-kettle from the hook, and set it on a warm corner of the ample hearth.

"He's coming, mother; he's 'most here;" and nearly out of breath, Jimmy bounded into the kitchen, "and I guess he's got the money too, for he looks ever so glad. Won't you be glad, too, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, child, the dear knows I will; but run, now, and wash your face and hands, and call Susan to set the chairs up. I'll make the tea in a hurry."

"Supper all ready! Well, I'm glad of it; for I tell you what, mother, I'm hungry as a bear;" and the broad-chested, sturdy, sunburnt, yet genial-looking farmer, drew off his overcoat, and pulled off his cap, and handed them to his wife, and then run his fingers back and forth through the blaze that went up the chimney, rubbing them briskly the while.

"It's chilly riding, and I shouldn't wonder if we had a frost to-night. Did the children gather in all the pumpkins to-day?"

"Pretty much, father. All that's fit to cook—"

"Some great bouncers, too," interrupted Jimmie; "it was all Sue and I could do to roll them."

"You'd better throw some old blankets over them to-night, mother. I don't want 'em brought in, as long as I can help it, for every day's sunning helps sweeten 'em. My old mother used to say it saved half the molasses to let 'em sun a fortnight."

"And so it does, father, but come, sit down now."

"Don't look much like hard times here, mother;" and Mr. Smith set down the cup of fragrant tea his wife had handed him, broke open the biscuit he had helped himself to, and spread the halves with a generous allowance of butter. "Not much like hard times;" and he deposited a brimming spoonful of apple-sauce on his plate, and dipped his fork into the bowl of beets. "We've thought we knew something about 'em; but I tell you, mother, we've got to fare slimmer than this before we feel 'em to speak of. If you just could only have set down to the table I did to-day, noon, I reckon—well, I reckon you'd a-choked up, mother. You see, I met cousin Sam Jones in the street, just as I was going down to the tavern to get a dinner, and nothing would do, but I must go home with him. I didn't want to a bit, for I knew they must be short about these times; but he wouldn't take no for an answer, and so I went. I was sorry enough, though, when I saw Sary Ann, for she looked so flustrated; but she shook hands with me as warm as ever, and said she was glad to see me, though if she'd known I was coming, she'd a tried and tossed up something a little better. Well, we set down to the table; but dear me, mother, I could have eat every mouthful of it myself, and then had room for a decent dinner."

"What *did* they have, father?"

"Have, mother; why, they had a piece of steak, just about as big as my hand. I don't believe there was over a pound and a half of it, and about a dozen little crazy potatoes, not one of them a bit larger than my thumb, a slice of butter about as thick as one of those cookies, and just about as big round, and a small loaf of baker's bread, that had about as much substance to it as a soap-bubble, and a pitcher of water."

"No pie or pudding, father?"

"Not the first mouthful, mother. I tell you, I didn't eat much; told 'em I wasn't very hungry, for I'd been lunching on doughnuts all along the road. 'Oh dear!' says little Moll, 'I wish we could have doughnuts. We haven't had any for ever so long. Why don't you make some, ma?' Sally Ann, she colored up, and says, kindly, softly: "Hush, Molly; you know the times are too hard for father to buy lard to bile 'em in.' Well, that kinder started 'em; and sich a story as they had to tell, mother! Dear me, but, it made my heart ache only to hear it. His wages have been cut down half, and he can't always get that when it is due, and sometimes they don't for days have anything to eat but hasty-pudding and molasses, and sometimes they even have to go without the molasses. Sally Ann said she hadn't had a bit of tea or sugar for two months, nor an egg, nor a pie or a cake. I'll tell you what I did: I just went right down to the wagon, and got that basket of doughnuts—I hadn't eat 'em half up—carried 'em to the children. Mercy, but how they did pounce on 'em! I couldn't think of anything but a half-starved cat coming across a stray mouse, they grabbed 'em so. And such a shout as they gave when they saw the slice of cheese! Sally Ann said it was more than a year since she had tasted a bit."

"Dear, but how funny—not to have cheese in the house all the time. Why, I reckon we've got forty now, up in the cheese room."

"Twenty, Jimmie, twenty; don't you stretch things so. I do wish I'd known it, father, before you started. I'd sent her one, and a roll of butter, and a load of vegetables. You might have carried 'em just as well as not, if we'd only thought of it; but I never supposed folks—decent kind of folks, I mean, such as they are—ever had to do without such things."

"Nor I either, mother, and it set me to thinking, as I was coming home; and I believe you and I have often done rich people wrong, when we've called 'em stingy because they didn't divide with the poor around 'em. I don't believe it's stinginess a quarter of the time. It's because they don't think. They've so much of everything themselves, they don't realize how others do live. Sally Ann and Sam might have thought we were stingy to-day, because I didn't bring 'em in a load of one thing and another from our farm; I say they might, if they didn't know just what we really are. But you and I know that wasn't the reason. But never mind; I shall go down again in two or three weeks, and I reckon I'll make the springs bend some with the load I'll carry 'em then. I'll put in a good lot of potatoes and turnips, and sich small trash, and half a dozen good-sized pumpkins, and four or five bushels of apples, and—"

"And I'll send him some of my nuts," cried Jimmie, "a great bag of nuts, all mixed up, walnuts and butternuts and chestnuts. I reckon they'll make little Moll open her eyes."

"And I'll send cousin Sally two of my chickens;" and little Sue's eyes sparkled, and dimples danced all over her sunny face.

"And I'll put in a roll of butter and a cheese and a ten-quart pail of apple-sauce, and I'll bake one of my biggest loaves of bread for her; I reckon home made bread, wet up with new milk, will be quite a treat to them."

"And mother, put in some doughnuts and cookies," cried Jimmie.

"And, oh, mother! make her a nice loaf-cake, with raisins in it and sugar on the top—white sugar, I mean."

"Yes, yes, Susan, and I'll send her a couple of gallons of new milk, and a quart or so of sour cream, to mix up a few biscuits. I don't suppose she's had a cream-biscuit these two years. Dear me; but I don't know how city folks do live so from hand to mouth. I reckon Sally Ann is sorry enough now she ever persuaded Sam to go there to live. To be sure, he wasn't making much at his trade here, but then their rent was only a trifle; and their garden kept them in vegetables the year round, and they had a cow and could make their own butter, and once in a while change milk with a neighbor, and make a cheese or two, and they could fatten a couple of pigs every year, and keep hens and have fresh eggs, and raise all the fruit they needed but winter apples. Their currant-bushes were doing so when they left, while their cherry-trees almost broke down, and their plums and peaches would have borne in a year or two, a plenty. And now, they don't have anything but what they buy. It's too bad. I wouldn't stand it."

"Nor I either, mother. This putting one's hand in his pocket, every time he wants a bite, an't just the thing, according to my notions. Sam tried hard to have me go when he did. But I gave him a right flat *no*. Says I, Sam, may be I won't make as much money as you, but I'll live a deal sight better. Poor fellow, I wonder how he'd feel to happen in jist now, and set his eyes on this table. And yet we don't think this is anything extra; at least nothing but the biscuits." And swallowing the last bit of the fifth one, he reached out his plate for a piece of the pumpkin pie.

Mrs. Smith thought it a favorable opportunity to ask the question that had been on her lips ever since he came in.

"Did you get your money, father, to-day?"

"I reckon I did, mother," and he clapped his right hand on his breast-pocket. "I reckon I've got a hundred dollars hid here; bran new bills, too, every one of 'em. No, not quite a hundred; for after I got 'em, I went and bought a pound of tea and a dollar's worth of sugar, and gave 'em to Sally Ann, for I couldn't bear that any of my connections, and a woman, too, should be drinking cold water all the time. Don't they look good?" and opening the old leather pocket-book, he took them out and counted them over. "Five tens is fifty; nine fives is forty-five, and this three is ninety-eight; just it."

"I'm so glad you got it, father. I've worried all day for fear they'd disappoint you, and goodness knows what would have become of us this winter, if they had."

"And I'm glad, too," shouted Jimmie, "for now I shall have new boots and a new cap, a store cap, such as other boys wear, and a new overcoat out of father's old one, and a new jacket and pants. Hurrah, boys, an't I glad?" and he shoved his chair back hastily, and picking up the old cap which his mother had fabricated the winter before, out of bits from her bundle-bag, he sent it, as he said, "a-kiting."

"And I'll have a new dress, won't I, mother?" said little Susan very earnestly; "a new delaine dress—a red one, with little black dots over it. Oh, dear, won't it be funny, to have a dress right out of the store. I've had to have mother's old ones cut over for me, till I'm tired. And I'll have your cloak now, won't I, and new shoes and a belt, mother; all the little girls wear belts—"

"And what'll this little fellow have?" said the mother, cheerily, as she took up the crowing baby out of the cradle. "He'll have a new dress, too, won't he, father?" and she held the little soft face close to the farmer's lips.

"May be, may be," he said, as he tossed the little one to the ceiling half-a-dozen times. "There, take him, now, mother, for I must unhitch the horses and get them into the stable. *Bonnies* are tired and hungry by this time," and he hurried away.

The chores were all done and the children put to bed. The farmer sat in his easy-chair, which was tilted back against the oven-door, and looked the picture of homely comfort, with his legs crossed so lazily, his arms folded so cosily, and his "pipe of clay" set so snugly between his lips. His wife sat in her low rocker, with the stand drawn closely to her, though the blaze from the hickory fire rendered the light of the candle almost unnecessary. Her knitting-work lay beside the snuffers ready to take up, as soon as the last stitch was set in the long patches with which she was covering the holes in the knees of Jimmie's trowsers. The cradle stood near by, so close that her foot touched it lightly if the baby stirred.

The fire crackled and blazed; the farmer smoked and seemed lost in thought; the farmer's wife sewed, and she too seemed lost in thought.

By and by, she hung the mended trowsers on the foot of the cradle, saying as she did so: "There, I hope it's the last time I'll have them to patch." Then she took up the double mitten she was kitting for her husband, and her fingers flew as though his hands were bare, though if the truth be told, he had two pairs yet in the stocking-bag, besides those he yet carried in his pockets. But she was a thrifty wife, and always ahead with her knitting.

"I'm so glad you got that money, father," she said after a while. He did not answer her, but puffed away at the old pipe.

Presently she spoke again. "Shall you be using the team to-morrow, father?"

"Why, mother?"

"Because, I thought if you wasn't, I'd have you drive me up to the store. Now we've got the money, we may as well get our clothes first as last, and have them cut, and then when I get a minute's time I can be making them. It'll take me nearly all winter, any way. I don't suppose Grey's got his winter stock yet, but we can buy twenty or thirty dollars' worth out of what he's on hand."

Mr. Smith did not reply at once. He smoked out his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and laid it on the shelf. He set his chair forward on its four legs, drew off his boots, and planted his feet on the front round, and then putting an elbow on each knee, he rested his face on his hands. It was his usual attitude when he was going to talk seriously, and his wife's heart began to rise in her throat.

"What would you have done, supposing I hadn't got that money?" he said, after clearing his throat with sundry hems and haws.

"Why, I'd had to got along without it, I suppose," she answered, rather curtly, "but the dear knows how, though, for I've twisted and turned every which way the last year. We're every one of us nearly naked for clothes—everything we've got is ready to drop to pieces. But what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because," speaking very slowly, "I've been thinking that if we could possibly make our old clothes do this winter yet, I'd take that money and use it for something else."

"But I thought you'd said, over and over again, that if you ever got that hundred dollars you'd spend every cent of it for clothes, and so get a good start again."

"So I have, mother, so I have, but—well, I'll just tell you what started me to thinking we'd perhaps better use it some other way. Just as I got off this morning, I found one of old Ned's shoes was loose, so I went round to the smith's to have it fixed. Well, it was pretty early, you know, and they hadn't much fire yet, and the shop was open and cold, so I thought I'd run into Johnson's and warm me a bit. They were jist sitting down to breakfast—"

"How is *Miss* Johnson, father? I have never seen her since her baby was born, and it must be over three weeks old now. Dear me, how time flies! It's too bad, too, when I thought so much of her."

"She's poorly, mother—thin as a June shad and white as a ghost, and the puniest baby you ever set eyes on. But as I was saying, they was jist sitting down to breakfast, and what do you think they had—rye griddle-cakes and milk-gravy—"

"No meat or potatoes?"

"Not the first mouthful, nor any coffee, nor any tea, but catnip—"

"Catnip—"

"Yes, mother, catnip. 'You've eat your breakfast, I reckon,' says he, as he drew up his chair. 'If he hadn't,' says she, 'he wouldn't relish ours much,' and she turned her head away, but I saw her wipe her eyes with her apron."

"Poor thing! but, father, I always thought Johnson was a good provider."

"So he is, mother, so he is; but just wait till I tell you. 'It's hard fare,' says he, as he took up a cake; 'I didn't think once I could have stood it to have gone without meat or potatoes, or butter or coffee, for breakfast, but these hard times play the deuce with a fellow's earnings.' 'But I thought you was doing pretty well now,' says I. 'Well, so I am,' says he. 'I turn away work every week, but the trouble is, no one has anything to pay with; it all goes on the book.' Well, I tell you, mother, that made me feel rather uncomfortable, for I couldn't help thinking of the hundred dollars I owed him."

"Yes, but he agreed to wait a year when you spoke of getting the wagon made, you know, and he's got your note for it, and it's bringing him interest all the time."

"I know it, mother, but—well, when I got ready to go, he went out with me, and says he: 'I've been thinking about coming over to see about that note, neighbor Smith. I tell you, we're pretty hard up just now. We ain't had a spoonful of tea or coffee, or a bit of meat or wheat bread in the house since the baby was a week old, and we have to let the butter go that we make now to pay old Granny Boone for taking care of Mary a fortnight. She ought to have had help a month, for she's mighty thin this fall, but we were too poor.' 'But can't you get trusted at the store?' says I. 'Yes, I can, but I owe Grey fifty dollars now, and I hate to ask him to let the bill run any longer, for I know he's in a tight place, too; and then I owe the butcher ten dollars and the doctor ten, and I signed ten for the minister, and I know they all want it. There's all the debts I owe in the world, and a hundred dollars would make me square, you see, and give me a little start, too, and I've been thinking if you could pay that note now, I'd throw off interest—yes, and ten dollars of the principle, for ninety now is worth more to me than a hundred and six will be next spring.' Well, I told him just how it was—how we'd calculated to put that into clothes and sich like, but he looked so sorrowful that I told him I'd speak to you about it, and if you thought we could get along till spring with the old clothes, why, I'd take up the note now. What do you say, mother?"

Mrs. Smith did not answer. She had dropped her mitten and was looking dreamily into the fire.

"We should be out of debt then, you know," said the farmer, after a while, "and that would be such a comfort. We've had a pretty hard tussle with the world, getting all these mortgages paid off. I reckon it'll be many a long day before the old farm gets saddled with another one, but father, though a mighty hard working man, was always too easy with folks; he never would say no."

Still his wife did not speak. She was thinking of the many, many things she had "lotted on" on buying with that hundred dollars.

The clock struck nine. "Bed-time," said the farmer, giving himself a good shake before the fire, "and I'm ready for it, too, for I'm about tired out. Here, mother," taking out his pocket-book and handing it to her, "you take care of this; it's mighty precious just now, and mind you, mother, do just as you think best. If you've really set your heart on spending it for clothes, why, take it and buy 'em. But if, after thinking it all over, you find you can manage any way to make our old ones do, why—but do just as you're a mind to. I don't care a copper, as far as I'm concerned, only I hate to think of *Miss* Johnson drinking catnip-tea and we owing her man."

"So do I, father."

Mrs. Smith's voice was husky as she spoke, and it was only after she had swallowed hard two or three times, that she was able to add: "I'll think it all over, father, before I go to sleep, and see what can be done."

She did so. Long after her husband's eyes were closed in sound slumber, she lay wide awake beside him, devising, calculating, and wondering. "If it wasn't for his and Jimmie's boots, and Susan's and my shoes, I do believe I could manage after all, but I can't make over boots and shoes. Well, well, I'll go to sleep, now—perhaps I can think of some way in the morning to get them. Poor Mary Johnson—drinking catnip-tea, and living on rye-cakes, and her baby only three weeks old, it isn't right," and then she said her prayers, oh! how fervently; and dropped off into a sleep, sweet and sound.

Her morning work was light the next day, for she had washed and scrubbed and baked and churned on Monday, that in case her husband got his money she could get an early start to the store. By the time the children were off to school and the baby had settled himself for his morning nap, she was at liberty to commence her rummaging. She went first to the "south room"—parlor, city folks would have called it, but she was country bred, and satisfied with the same quaint name her husband's mother had given it when the house was built. Opening the drawer of the bureau, she commenced taking out her husband's shirts and looking them over carefully. "Well, I declare," she said to herself, as she replaced them, "they an't worn so bad as I thought; if I put a new bosom and collars and wristbands on two, they'll be nearly as good as new, the muslin isn't worn any, hardly, and the other two will bear mending some time yet. The one he wore yesterday is whole, and pretty strong too; that's five, and the sixth he's never had on yet, for I've always made it a rule to keep one out of every set all new and nice, in case anything should happen." She sighed as she spoke, for well she knew what that "anything" meant.

"Yes, I guess I can keep them on another year, or till spring at any rate, for he don't often wear white shirts in winter, and it's so lucky I made up so much flannel last year. He didn't want me to, but I seemed possessed to do it. If I hadn't, I don't know what would have become of us now, with having to sell all our wool this summer to pay off that last mortgage. Thank fortune it's paid too, and the old place is safe." And then she took out the Sunday vest and neck-kerchief. "Well, they don't look so dreadful bad, after all; I guess if I iron this out nice, I can fold it so as to hide the old creases, and then it'll do almost as well as new, and I can put new buttons on the vest, and bind it over, and it will last quite a spell;" and she closed the bureau and went to the "north room," where behind a sheet hung her own and husband's best clothes. "They're pretty thin," examining the pants, "pretty thin, but then if I make him a new pair out of that piece of full cloth that was left over last winter, why, he won't need to wear these only on Sundays, and he can take them off as soon as he comes from meeting, and that'll save them a good deal," and she hung them up and took down the coat. "It's most threadbare in spots, I declare, but then he can wear his every-day one under his overcoat this winter, and if he keeps that buttoned up close, why, no one will be the wiser. I did hope, though to have got him a new coat this fall, but—well, this must do some way. They cost so much," and she replaced it and took down his best overcoat. She shook her head as she examined it, but presently her eyes brightened, she had remembered that there were pieces enough left to put on a new collar and new cuffs, "and that, with new buttons and new binding, will make it look quite respectable. As for his cap, he must slip that into his pocket when he goes into meeting; it'll do well enough elsewhere.—Now I must look at mine," and she spread out on the bed a purple merino dress, a cloak of brown circassian, and a black alpaca skirt and basque. "If they only hadn't been turned once—oh! I've just thought, I'll dye the merino and the cloak, dip the alpaca, and then, when I've made 'em all over nice, they'll do as well as new." And she hung them up, and took down a hand-box. "I was in hopes to have had a new bonnet, and had this made over for Susan, but I guess it'll do this winter. Poor Sue, she'll be so disappointed about the red dress; she lotted on it so much. There, I've just thought what I'll do; I'll take that delaine I've had for a good dress these three summers, and dye it crimson. There'll be enough of it to make the baby one, too, and the cape 'll make each of them a hood. Susan will think just as much of it, if it's only red, and I'll buy her a belt some time, when I have a little butter-money. And that linsey of mine, that I was going to take for a petticoat, will make her a good every-day dress, and here that she wore last winter will do for the baby; so they're fixed out. No, there's her cloak. Oh! I'll dye her old one when I'm about my clothes, and that'll make it as good as new in her eyes. Now for Jimmie. Let me see; I do believe there'll be enough of that full cloth to make him a Sunday pair, and I'll cut over some of his father's old ones that I have been saving for a new carpet for every-day wear. And there's those old coats of his grandpa's, which I never could bear to think of ripping up, they'll make him all he needs this winter, if I cut them over; so he's fixed, all but his cap; but then caps are cheap now, and I'll save in groceries some way, and get him one at the store with my butter-money. Now if it wasn't for the boots and shoes. I do wish I had something to sell that would bring money enough to get them. And I have—I have—there's these feathers; I did once think I never would let them go, but I will—*I will!*" she repeated, emphasizing the word heartily, and then she went into the kitchen again, and began to fly round to get an early dinner.

"Going to use the team this afternoon, father?" she asked, as the farmer shoved back his chair from the table.

"No, I guess not; why?"

"Why, I'd like to go and sit with *Miss* Johnson, awhile, father—and, father, you may take up that note while we're there. I've made up my mind to make what clothes we've got do, somehow or other. Here's the money," and she brought the pocket-book from the "south room." "I've put in two dollars that I'd saved up out of my butter-money, and as for the interest, why, I reckon you can fill up the wagon with some things that'll be as good as cash to them. I've killed and dressed a pair of chickens, and will put up a loaf of fresh bread and a pie or two, and a pail of apple-sauce."

"That's right, mother; and I'll load up with apples and garden sass and sich like, that they have to buy. I feel as if I could give away half I own, to think I'm going to be out of debt. You get ready as quick as you can, and I'll harness up in a jiffy."

Let us follow that roll of bills, and see how many hearts were made glad by the self-sacrifice of one farmer's wife.

Mrs. Johnson lay on the bed, faint and weak, and if the truth be told, just ready to cry. She was actually suffering for the want of suitable food and drink. She never could bear rye, and her stomach fairly loathed it now, and she did miss her tea and coffee so much. She had never complained to her husband, but her pale, thin cheeks, as they sat down that day to dinner, had so touched his heart, he could not swallow a mouthful, hungry as he was.

A rap at the door. She hastened to rise and open it.

"Why, *Miss* Smith, dear woman, how glad I am to see you!" and she shook her visitor cordially by the hand.

"I'll help myself, Mary. Go and lie down again; you don't look fit to sit up. I never knew how poorly you was till father told me last night, or I'd a-tried and got out to see you before. It's no one but father," as a second rap was heard at the door; "come right in."

"How are you, to-day, *Miss* Johnson? haven't gained much since yesterday; where's Johnson—in the shop?"

"I expect he is, Mr. Smith; sit down, and I'll send bubby after him. Run, Harry, run, and tell pa who's here."

Mr. Johnson stood beside his bench with a chisel in his hand; but not, as usual, busy as a bee. He had no heart to work.

"Where was the use," he muttered, "in these hard times, when a poor fellow, let him earn ever so much, can't get a drawing of tea for his sick wife? What's that, Harry—Mr. Smith wants to see me? well, I'll come, right away, too. I do wonder if he's going to take up that note; if I thought he was—but pshaw! it isn't often a man pays a note till it's due, when times are easy. Ah! Smith, how are you to-day? and you, *Miss* Smith, pretty well, eh? and there's the baby, too—don't look much like our little rat, here. But, sit down, Smith, sit down."

"I haven't time, just now, Johnson. Have you got that note about you? Mother, here, has concluded she'll make our old clothes do awhile longer, and pay up our debts, and as she wanted to come and visit awhile with your wife, I thought I'd come along and have that little business of ours all straightened. There," counting out the money, "there's the face of the note, a hundred dollars, and the six months' interest is out in the wagon, if you'll take it that way; if not, you must wait till butchering time—"

"Don't say a word about the interest, neighbor," and great tears rolled down Johnson's cheeks, while his wife sobbed aloud; "and you must take back this ten, too," handing him a bill.

"No, no, not a cent You made the wagon on honor, and it's worth all I agreed to pay for it. Take it all;" then twisting the note in his fingers, and holding it in the fire till it was all of a blaze, "no man can look me in the face now, and say I owe him a copper. Hard times won't trouble me any longer, for I can raise enough on the old place to make a living, let prices be ever so low, now I am out of debt; but I guess I'll be travelling. Mother wants me to go up to the 'Squire's, and sell some feathers for her. Come on, Johnson, and get that interest out of my way."

"There, that bag's apples, and that's potatoes, and that's meal, and here's a lot of turnips, onions, and beets, and some of my big cabbages, and a pumpkin or two; them things there in that bucket and pail is some little notions mother fixed up for your wife; you see, she thought something away from home might relish. Got 'em all? well, I'll be off, then," and he whipped up his horses and was soon out of sight. Mr. Johnson carried in the interest, and then, stopping only to take off his apron and put on his coat, started off for the village.

"I'll go to the minister's first," he said to himself; "for ministers are always hard up—the dear knows how they do live in these times."

"What is to become of us I don't know," and the minister shoved back his sermon-paper. "It's no use trying to write, I can't think of anything but our wants. Not a candle in the house, or any tea, or sugar, or butter; wife, without a calico dress to her back, and the children bare-footed, and Bro. Friske and Holmes will be here to-night, on their way home from the Association, and nothing but bread and potatoes and salt to set before them, and have to feel their way to their mouths in the bargain. Oh, dear! if some one would only get married; but times are too hard, I suppose, for the young folks to think of that; I haven't had a wedding-fee for three months—"

"Are you too busy to see Mr. Johnson a few moments, husband?"

"Busy! no dear; tell him to walk up. Ah! friend Johnson, how do you do to-day, and the folks at home?"

"Oh! I guess they'll get along now, and as for me, I'm hearty as ever. No, thank ye, haven't time to sit down; I just called in to pay that ten dollars, I signed. There," handing him two fives, "just write me a receipt, if you please. I thought I'd pay it right over to you, for this red-tape way of doing things, as the law folks call it, is so slow, a man might starve before he got his dues. That's

right,' folding up the slip of paper; "good day, sir; call and see us as often as you can."

* * * "Is the baby asleep, wife?" said the minister, as he looked into the sitting-room a few moments after the front door had closed on his visitor.

"No, husband; why?"

"Because, wife—because"—and he choked down a sob of gratitude—"Johnson has just paid me ten dollars, and I want you to go and spend it at the store."

"Ten dollars! the Lord bless him!" and she covered her face with her hands and wept.

To and fro went the doctor in his little office, revolving in his mind his whole list of patients, and trying to think which of them would be most likely to pay up if he presented his bill. His wife had asked him for ten dollars that morning, and told him she must have it, for he was just naked for shirts and their two little boys hadn't a whole suit of clothes in the world.

"It's no use, no use," muttered he, as he took up his mortar and pestle and pounded away; "no one's got any money, and if they had, they'd run right to the store with it; the doctor's the last man they'd think of paying. Ah! Johnson, how are you? how's the wife, and little John C. Fremont? sit down; sit down."

"I've only a minute to stay. Doctor, got that bill of mine made out?"

"No, I haven't, Johnson, but I can make it out, if you want it."

"Well, I do; I'm round settling up my debts, and thought I wouldn't forget you. 'For professional attendance and medicine, ten dollars.' All right; just what I expected—there," handing him two fives, "just sign your name now, and we'll be even."

"Could you go up to the store this afternoon, wife?" The doctor's eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"For, what, husband?" and his companion looked up from her pile of mending in surprise.

How quick she sprang from her chair, and how she laughed and cried in the same breath. Ten dollars! it was a little fortune to her. She had not seen so much money before in six months.

The butcher's stall was closed, but he had not gone home yet. He was still there, and busy too, wiping off counters, and scrubbing up the floor, and straightening things generally; but not whistling Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia, his two favorite tunes, as was usual, but humming away at one of Watt's solemnest hymns, and looking for all the world like a man going to be hanged. To tell the truth, though one of the jolliest fellows in the world, he was all out of heart that day. He had to put on his Sunday pants that morning, because his everyday ones were so ragged that his wife declared they wouldn't even do for carpet rags, and the doctor had ordered flannel for her, as the only preventive to the cough that had racked her all last winter, and how he was to get a new pair of pants, or she to get flannel was more than he knew. Not a cent coming in; everybody wanting to pay in flour, or potatoes, or butter, or apples, or some such thing.

"Hallos, old fellow! gone home, yet?"

"No, no, Johnson; pull the string, and the latch'll fly up. How are you, wagon-er? don't show your face here very often, any more; turned Grahamite, I reckon."

"Not a bit of it, man; I'm in for a nice steak to-morrow, porter-house, mind; be sure and save it; and see here, old fellow. Here's ten dollars, to shorten your face a little; hang me, if it isn't as long as the moral law. Give me a receipt, quick, and we'll begin anew on the books. That's it; don't forget that steak."

"What's happened, husband?"

"Why?"

"Why, I haven't heard you whistle before for a week. I should think you'd got some money, if there was any in this part of the Union, but I don't believe there is."

"Don't you, wifey? see here. Ten dollars: not a cent more or less. I'd like to keep it a week, just to see how it would seem to have money in my pocket once more; but I can't—it burns my fingers even now." And he whistled Yankee Doodle, till the baby's afternoon nap was completely broken up. "But never mind," he said cheerily, as he tossed the little one to and fro in his brawny arms, "I'll tend her if she's cross. You just put up them patches, and get ready to go to the store. You're a better judge than me, of cloth and flannel. I'm good on beef and pork and mutton, but when it comes to store goods, I'm the biggest fool alive; so, hurry up, wifey, hurry up."

The young merchant stood at his desk, gloomily turning over the leaves of his ledger. He was evidently ill at ease; his brow, usually so placid, was now deeply furrowed; his cheeks were feverish and his eyes heavy. He had been in business but two years, and having but little capital to begin on, had been obliged to run in debt for a portion of his stock. But until now, every payment had been made punctually, and he had felt himself fast getting along in the world. Now his prospects looked gloomy enough. He had a note of five hundred dollars to pay the next Friday, and here, four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, he had but four hundred raised. He had no hopes of making out the remainder, either, for he had been to everybody who owed him, again and again. He must fail—fail for that paltry sum, which, in ordinary times, he could have borrowed of almost any one. Fearful of this, he had, some days before, reluctantly begged of the firm to which he was indebted, an extension of time. The answer to his letter lay before him on the desk. They, too, were in a tight place, and depended upon the payment of his note.

"There is no help for it," he said, shutting o the ledger; "I must *fail*. If it wasn't for wife and the baby—" Just then the door opened, and Johnson entered.

"Don't leave your desk, Grey," he said cheerily, coming toward it, "but just hand me over that bill of mine, if you have made it out."

"Is it possible he's going to settle?" thought the merchant, and great drops of sweat started to his forehead.

"All right," and the customer ran his eye over the items.

"Now, just write your name down there," and he handed it back.

The merchant's fingers shook so, he could hardly hold the pen. "That's it; now you may have these," and Johnson counted out five tens; "and now fly around, and do me up a lot up things, for our buttery as lean as a church mouse."

"I couldn't wait till dinner-time, Lizzie, I couldn't wait," he exclaimed, clasping a beautiful woman in his arms. "I've run every step of the way to tell you the news. We're saved, we're saved."

Two firms saved from failure—four families rescued from want, and how many, many hearts made light and glad by the self-sacrifice of one farmer's wife! Oh! this "making do" is verily, we believe, the best and cheapest remedy for these hard times that crush us all so terribly. Suppose we try it, not one, but all of us. It is said that a pebble thrown into the ocean causes a vibration that does not cease till the opposite shore is touched. How far may not one dollar, saved from family expenses, and turned towards the payment of our honest debts, how far may not it go towards bringing back our loved and beautiful land the good times for which we are all sighing! Why not make pebbles of our dollars, and cast them hopefully into the great ocean of want?—*Ladies' Repository.*

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME PUT INTO PRACTICE.

Senator S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, has, by request of the President, consented to organize emigration parties of free colored persons for settlement in Central America, and been commissioned accordingly. This gentleman's former success in organizing emigrant expeditions for the settlement of Kansas and Colorado affords a guarantee of a happy consummation of his present plans. The Government proposes to send out the emigrants in good steamships, and provide them all the necessary implements of labor, and also sustenance until they can gather a harvest.

The following address, prepared by Senator Pomeroy, has been sanctioned by the President:—

To the Free Colored People of the United States.—The hour has now arrived in the history of your settlement upon this continent, when it is within your power to take one step that will secure, if successful, the elevation, freedom and social position of your race upon the American continent.

The President of the United States has already signified his desire to carry out fully, in the letter and spirit of the late Act of Congress, the desire of the National Legislature, which made an appropriation to facilitate your emigration and settlement in some favorable locality outside of these states, and at his request I have consented and agreed with him to aid you in organizing this emigration and in selecting a locality that will be valuable and attractive to your people in itself, as well as give the promise to you and us that it shall be a suitable location for a great, free, and prosperous people.

I now address you as one awake to this momentous revolution in American history, and alive, also, to your interests in this conflict of arms, whereby you are led to hope that in thus unsettling established institutions your people may go free. This, then, is the hour for you to make an earnest effort to secure your own social position and independence by co-operating with those who now reach out their hands to aid you. I ask you to do this by the pride you may have for your struggling and oppressed people, now among us, as well as by the hopes you may indulge of making smooth and prosperous the pathway of coming generations.

I propose, on the 1st day of October next, to take with me one hundred colored men as pioneers in this movement, who, with their families, may equal the number of 500 souls, and for whose benefit the appropriations in the Act of Congress referred to were made. The President will provide for the means of transportation and the protection of the settlement. Being familiar with organizing and settling the early emigration to my own state (Kansas,) I indulge the hope that that experience may be made serviceable to you. I am earnest for the welfare of your people, present and prospective, I want you to consider this as an auspicious period for you. If this travail and pain of the nation becomes the birthday of your freedom let us plant you free and independent, beyond the reach of the power that has oppressed you. Consider this an opening by the wisdom of Divine Providence, when you are called of God to go with me to a country which your oppressed people are soon to receive for their inheritance. I propose to examine, and if found satisfactory and promising, to settle you at Chiriqui, in New Grenada, with the approval of the Government, only about one week's sail from Washington, D. C.

All persons of the African race, of sound health, who desire to take, with me, the lead in this work, will please send their names, the number, sex, and age of the respective members of their families and their post-office address to me, at the city of Washington, D. C. No white person will be allowed as a member of the colony. I want mechanics and laborers—earnest, honest, and sober men—for the interests of a generation, it may be of mankind, are involved in this experiment; and with the approbation of the American people, and under the blessing of Almighty God, it cannot—it shall not fail.

S. C. POMEROY, U. S. Senate.

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along!

☞ Mrs. Partington says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was young as ever she was.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Considered in the abstract, the spectacle of two young people engaged to be married ought to be agreeable and interesting. Young people so situated are, generally speaking, happy. Indeed, we have been informed by persons who have gone through the process of falling in love, and being engaged and finally marrying, that it is one of a deeply gratifying character, looked back upon in after life as a bright spot round which many sweet and pleasant recollections cluster. We ought, therefore, to rejoice in beholding young people serenely passing through so important a phase of their existence. We ought to watch them with interest, greet them with looks of silent approbation, and inwardly pronounce a blessing upon their union. We fear, however—such is the perversity of human nature—that the spectacle is neither agreeable nor interesting to any except doting parents on either side. In fact, at the risk of being deemed unfeeling, we must confess, that, as a rule, young people engaged to be married are rather a bore than otherwise.

We will assume the engagement to be one of a perfectly satisfactory nature. The gentleman is not notoriously profligate, nor conspicuously ill bred. He not only possesses a moderate income of his own, but has the advantage of a fixed profession or employment. Other advantages are his—a father of indulgent temperament with a perpetual balance at the banker's, an elder brother imprudently devoted to steeplechasing, a maiden aunt wealthy and in very indifferent health, an uncle, owner in fee of half-a-dozen houses, with a warm heart and weak intellect. The young lady, too, is not destitute of attractions. Her face is tolerable, her figure not ungainly; there is a *post obit* of a thousand pounds coming to her on "dear papa's decease;" and she will be entitled, as one of five sisters, to a fifth share of the family jewels "when dear mamma is taken from us." We will assume also, as a point not without some slight importance in matrimonial engagements, that the young couple are tenderly attached to one another, or—what for our purpose is much the same thing—imagine themselves to be so. Assume all this to be the case, and yet we adhere to our original position that the presence of the young couple in the social circle is rather a bore than otherwise.

Having a short period of leisure at your disposal, you run down from town to pass a few days with an old friend in the country. His eldest daughter is about to be married, and the fortunate man to whom she has given her hand is one of the guests whom you are invited to meet. To this arrangement you make no manner of objection. Narrow and churlish must be that heart which refuses to sympathize with two young people about to enter the married state under the happiest auspices. You quite look forward to the pleasure of offering your sincere congratulations to Araminta Brown, and to the privilege of being introduced to her intended—Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-Second Lancers—a good-natured young fellow with moderate expectations, and a promising pair of moustaches. But your very first evening at Mr. Brown's comfortable mansion somewhat blunts your tender regard for Araminta, and entirely dissipates your interest in Spoonbill. First of all, though faint with hunger—a sensation to which you are not accustomed—you are kept waiting an unconscionably long time for dinner.

All the guests are assembled, and the second bell rang twenty minutes since. The butler is hovering about the front hall, and in his uneasy expression of countenance you can plainly read the information that the dinner is rapidly cooling. What is the cause of this mysterious delay? It is entirely on account of Spoonbill and Araminta. The young people have been enjoying a romantic drive in the pony carriage, and had no notion how time flew by. At length they make their appearance—Araminta blushing, Spoonbill absurdly smiling, as if there was anything to smile about—and dinner is announced. You take in a lady in every way suited to your taste, and likely to prove an agreeable companion. But, just as you are cautiously subsiding into your chair, amid encircling folds of crinoline on either side, the voice of Mrs. Brown, in a tone of soft but irresistible authority, is heard inviting you to be so kind as to sit on the other side of the table. Why? In the confusion of taking places, Araminta and Captain Spoonbill are unfortunately separated, and of course this will never do. Eighteen persons must be shifted to and fro, and made supremely uncomfortable, in order that the young couple may be posted side by side. At length you sink into a chair, and find a deaf old lady on your left, and a stout man—with whom you particularly wished not to be intimate—on your right.

During dinner you have to shout commonplace remarks into the ear of the lady on the left until you are hoarse, while over the wine your stout friend—with whom you did not wish to be intimate—unbosoms himself of a small octavo volume of family secrets, which he assures you would on no account have communicated to anybody but yourself. However, dinner is a reviving operation, despite all drawbacks, and you wend your way to the drawing-room in a tolerably amiable frame of mind. Araminta chances to be alone on the sofa. Your heart warms toward the daughter of your old friend, and sitting down beside her, coffee-cup in hand, you begin to congratulate her affectionately on the vista of conjugal happiness expanding before her young mind. Very soon you perceive that Araminta is not listening to a word you are saying. Her innocent blue eyes are fixed with an expression of meek adoration on a distant corner of the apartment.

Why is this? Surely it is needless to inquire. Yonder stands Spoonbill, twirling his moustache with rather a foolish expression of countenance, conscious that the object of his affection is waiting for him to approach her, yet he hesitating to do so while the place by her side is occupied. Of course you spring from the sofa at the risk of upsetting your coffee on the Wilton carpet, and resign your place to the embarrassed Spoonbill. The next moment your stout friend—with whom you do not wish to be intimate—grasps you by the arm, resumes his recital of family secrets at the exact point where he left off at dinner-table, and does not release you until it is time to retire for the night.

So much for your first evening at your old friend's house. But the young couple have not done with you yet. Scarce a day passes without special annoyance to some one or other in the family circle entirely on their account. Brown seizes you one morning affectionately by the arm, and hurries you to his library to show you a shelf full of valuable books recently purchased. He opens his library door barely six inches, and suddenly pauses as if he had caught sight of a burglar. A low murmur is heard within. Brown closes the door with the tenderest solicitude, and beats an abrupt retreat. The young couple are engaged in earnest converse, and must not be disturbed. You wander into the shrubberies and plantations, pleased with the notion of roaming just where you please. On turning a corner in the prettiest part of the grounds, of course you come suddenly upon the young couple, and must turn on your heel without a moment's delay, walking in the flurry of the moment head foremost into a holly bush remarkable for severity of foliage. You take a fancy to fish in Brown's trout stream. An hour's walk under a hot sun brings you to a delightful pool in the river—sheltered, quiet and shady—where the fish are rising half a dozen at a time, apparently eager for a little sport. You have scarcely entered thoroughly into your work, and have tossed an undersized trout or two into your basket just to get your hand in, when your ear catches the low murmur of voices behind you. You shudder and look round.

Spoonbill and Araminta are approaching. There is no help for it. You have a character to maintain for ready tact and innate delicacy of feeling. You decamp without delay, and start for a distant part of the stream where the fish are sulky and unsociable, and the gnats and midges malignantly lively. Again, "the course of true love," as we very well know, does not always run smooth. One evening there is a manifest perturbation in the family circle of the Browns. The young couple are not visible. You catch sight, indeed, of the familiar figure of Spoonbill moodily pacing up and down the flower-terrace—varying the occupation by occasionally stopping to gaze at the moon. Araminta is in her bed-room. This you ascertain by an untasted cup of tea being brought back to the drawing-room by a sister in a state of incipient hysterics, who has vainly endeavored to effect an entrance into the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown simultaneously leave the room. Friends and relatives talk in whispers, and a mantle of unmitigated discomfort descends upon the company. After some delay, however, the anxious parents return with smiling countenances. The hysterical sister overcomes an inclination to laugh and sob by hastily swallowing Araminta's discarded tea. The familiar figure of Spoonbill no longer decorates the flower-terrace, but suddenly appears in the outer drawing-room accompanied by Araminta smiling sweetly through her tears. The young couple had had a little misunderstanding, or "tiff," we believe, is the correct expression—a quarrel about the color of somebody's eyes, or the age of somebody's grandmother, or whether Araminta looked best in muslin or watered silk, or whether Spoonbill's moustaches were as long as Harry Johnson's of the Carbineers, or whether it was Thursday, the 21st, or Friday, the 22nd, when the diamond brooch arrived from town—or, to tread upon more delicate ground, a disagreeable and point blank inquiry whether Captain Spoonbill of the Twenty-second Lancers would solemnly asseverate that he never, in the whole course of his life, entertained the smallest affection for any young lady on the face of the globe save and except his present amiable intended?

But, whatever the origin of the little unpleasantness, all is now made up and happily settled. The family circle takes courage and begins to talk. Lights are brought in—tea once more handed round—the younger girls sit down to the piano—and Brown, with a face beaming with benevolence, challenges you to chess or billiards as if nothing whatever had happened. This is all very well, but meantime you have spent an exceedingly unpleasant two hours; and, were it not that you are under a solemn compact to attend the wedding, you feel a strong inclination to go to town by the first train to-morrow.

On the whole, you arrive at the conclusion in common with the majority of the family circle, that, as the marriage is to be, the sooner it comes off the better. Parents, however gratified, and friends and relatives, however sympathetic, are apt to feel a trifle exhausted after three or four weeks' entire subserviency to the tastes, wishes and caprices of the happy pair. It is a relief to the household in general when the marriage knot is fairly tied, and the travelling carriage stops the way.

☞ One of the saddest things in Art or Literature is falling just below the mark—aiming at the clouds, and, after *all but* reaching them, dropping at last among the chimney-pots.

☞ The editor of the Saratoga Republican tells the following at his own expense: "Yesterday, wishing, like others to evince our patriotism, we informed the six compositors in our office that if they would enlist we would pay them half wages while they were gone to the war. They replied—'that is more than we ever had before;' and the whole crowd have enlisted! 'That's what's the matter.'"

☞ Peace can do a good deal toward making a gentleman, but war is more likely to finish him.

NEWS ITEMS.

AMONG the persons lost by the destruction of the steamer Ariela, were Mrs. Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Richardson, wife of Captain Richardson, of the 33d Ohio. It is ascertained that thirty persons perished.

GEN. Cassius M. Clay has taken the field in Kentucky. Gen. Lew Wallace also takes the field.

WE learn from Kansas that with a voting population of 18,000, she has over 19,000 men in arms to-day, and the flag of the recruiting officer still waves in every town and hamlet. In some parts of the state the whole able bodied population have enlisted.

REV. Mr. French, agent of the Government for contrabands in the Department of the South, reached Washington recently, in company with Robert Small, the colored pilot who ran the rebel steamer Planter out of Charleston. Mr. French had an interview with Secretary Chase, and states that there are some fifteen thousand slaves within the military lines of that department at present. He represents them as improving in the schools quite rapidly. Some of the slaves have come over a 150 miles to reach Port Royal, travelling all night, and hiding in the woods in day time. They all state that the negroes have the idea that the day of their deliverance has come. This feeling prevails everywhere among the slaves. Small has got his prize money, and has invested twelve hundred dollars in Government stocks.

REGIMENTS RETURNING.—The 37th regiment, New York State Militia, and the 7th regiment, both of which have been encamped for some months near Baltimore, have returned home.

THE son of the Prince of Capua, a cousin of the Ex-King Francis II., of Naples, has taken service in the Italian army.

GEN. J. C. Fremont and his family are at Gloucester, Mass. Fremont recently made a speech at Boston. He favors immediate emancipation as a war measure.

THE 69TH NEW YORK.—The famous 69th New York regiment have returned. They expect to enter the service again under their old commander, Gen. Corcoran, and form the right of his new Irish brigade.

COAL OIL LAMPS WITHOUT CHIMNEYS.—A party in Portland, Me., have patented an invention by which they can burn kerosene oil in lanterns without any chimney. They can apply the apparatus to any lantern. It is simple and effectual, and a good light is afforded at half the usual cost.

GEN. Breckinridge, in his hasty retreat from Baton Rouge, left his sword on the field. It is now in possession of a private in the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers. It is a very handsome bit of steel, and bears the name in full of John C. Breckinridge.

THE REASON WHY.—"There being no water between here and the Mississippi river," says Gen. Breckinridge in his report to Van Dorn, of the battle of Baton Rouge, "I was compelled to come here for it,"—that is, he was "compelled" to fall back to Amite river, a distance of twelve miles. Here was bravery, enterprize, and tactics! General Breckinridge had 8,000 men at his back; the Union army which stood between him and the Mississippi river did not exceed half that number. Yet the rebel general marches off to Amite river for water. Why did he not drink from the Mississippi? That is the question which his admirers are asking.

THE apple crop of New England this season will greatly exceed that of any previous year, and of a very superior quality.

A WARNING TO SEAMSTRESSES.—A young woman, named Adelaide Coca, who has been for some time working on army coats and blouses, in Hartford, Conn., has, by rubbing her eyes with her fingers discolored by the cloth, completely destroyed one of her eyes, and seriously injured the other. There must be some powerful poison in the dye of the cloth.

A REBEL GOVERNOR IN DANGER.—Gov. Thomas O. Moore, the chief magistrate of the state of Louisiana, made his appearance in Thibodeaux last week on business. The moment the fact became known the people turned out to mob and murder him. Many people were armed. He begged for mercy, and still but for four women who surrounded him he would have been shot. The people detest him on account of his cotton burning and sugar destroying order.—*N. O. Delta.*

FIGHTING QUAKERS.—In Richmond, Indiana, the "Quaker City" of the West, the masses are alive with patriotic ardor and the determination to conquer a peace. They hold no meetings and take no bounties, but have just delayed long enough to finish the harvest and leave "the old folks at home" comfortable. The Sixty ninth Indiana regiment is full, and eight hundred more have enlisted, awaiting orders to form a new regiment. They are for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Miss Clarine Smith, Miss Fanny Hopkins, Miss Florida Neal, Miss Norma Smith, Miss Emeline Neal, Miss Alice Neal and Mrs. Geo. Neal, Jr.—seven interesting secesh ladies of Parkersburg, Va.—were sent to Wheeling for certain causes, and having plumply refused to take the oath of allegiance, they were all snugly stowed away in one of the rooms of the jail. Towards evening, when the novelty of incarceration began to wear off, they all concluded to take the oath, after doing which they were released.

FINED FOR WATERING MILK.—In the Court of Special Sessions, New York, on Thursday, a milkman was prosecuted for adulterating milk at a pump. His counsel contended that the addition of water was not an adulteration of the milk. Mr. Hall, the District Attorney, contended that it was, and that, although some men might suppose that milk was improved by an admixture with brandy, and thus made milk punch still, if a man purchased it as milk, he was entitled to the genuine, unadulterated article. The court agreed with Mr. Hall, and fined the defendant $50.

THE discovery of the disappearance of one or two nebulæ in the heavens has excited the liveliest interest among astronomers. So unlooked for a phenomenon fairly startles the hardest understanding. Objects hitherto regarded as firm, enduring and fixed as the pillars of the universe, have been found as unstable as an autumnal meteor. What great revolution in astronomy is about to be made no one can conjecture. The awful mystery only heightens on reflection; and vague, shadowy forebodings of the "rottenness of the pillared firmament" crowd upon the imagination.—*Boston Courier.*

A RESEMBLANCE between the present cotton famine and the terrible calamity which overtook Ireland seventeen years ago has been traced by a London morning contemporary. The article shows that five millions of the Irish staked all on a tuber; and half that number in England have staked all on a pod. "We preached," says the writer, "to the Irish on their fatuous reliance on the edible. We proclaimed our superior prudence in every assembly all over the world; yet can anybody show us one atom of real difference?"

A CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—The Easton Express says:—A lady friend informs us, for publication, that a piece of camphor placed on the tongue, and left there to dissolve, is a sure cure for this dreadful malady. She says it has been tried effectually to her knowledge.

A RECRUITING tent, in New York, has this motto, "Come in out of the Draft." It is presumed that those who do not enlist now are "out in the cold."

Correspondence Between the French Consul and Gen. Butler.

THE FRENCH CONSUL TO GEN. BUTLER.

French Consulate at New Orleans, New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1862.—SIR—The new order of the day, which has been published this morning, and by which you require that all and whatever arms may be in the possession of the people of this city must be delivered up, has caused the most serious alarm among the French subjects of New Orleans.

Foreigners, sir, and particularly Frenchmen, have, notwithstanding the accusations brought against some of them by certain persons, sacrificed everything to maintain during the actual conflict the neutrality imposed upon them.

When arms were delivered them by the municipal authorities, they only used them to maintain order and defend personal property, and those arms have since been almost all returned.

And now it appears, according to the tenor of your order of to-day, that French subjects, as well as citizens, are required to surrender their personal arms, which could only be used in self-defence.

For some time past unmistakeable signs have manifested themselves among the servile population of the city and surrounding country of their intention to break the bonds which bind them to their masters, and many persons apprehend an actual revolt.

It is these signs, this prospect of finding ourselves completely unarmed in the presence of a population from which the greatest excesses are feared, that we are above all things justly alarmed; for the result of such a state of things would fall on all alike who were left without the means of self-defence.

It is not denied that the protection of the United States Government would be extended to them in such an event, but that protection could not be effective at all times and in all places, nor provide against those internal enemies whose unrestrained language and manners are constantly increasing, and who are but partially kept in subjection by the conviction that their masters are armed.

I submit to you, sir, these observations, with the request that you take them into consideration.

Please accept, sir, the assurance of my high esteem. The Consul of France,

COMTE MEJAN.

LIEUT. WEITZEL, U. S. Engineers, and Assistant Military Commandant of New Orleans.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, New Orleans, Aug. 14, 1862.

SIR—Your official note to Lieut. Weitzel, Assistant Military Commandant, has been forwarded to me.

I see no just cause of complaint against the order requiring the arms of private citizens to be delivered up. It is the usual course pursued in cities similarly situated to this, even without any exterior force in the neighborhood.

You will observe that it will not do to trust to mere professions of neutrality. I trust most of your countrymen are in good faith neutral; but it is unfortunately true that some of them are not. This causes the good of necessity to suffer for the acts of the bad.

I take leave to call your attention to the fact that the United States forces gave every immunity to Monsieur Boonegras, who claimed to be the French Consul at Baton Rouge; allowed him to keep his arms, and relied upon his neutrality; but his son was taken prisoner on the battle-field in arms against us.

You will also do me the favor to remember that very few of the French subjects have taken the oath of neutrality which was offered to, but not required of them, by my order No. 41; although all the officers of the French Legion had, with your knowledge and assent, taken the oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States. Then, you see, I have no guarantee for the good faith of men.

I do not understand how it is that arms are altered in their effectiveness by being "personal property," nor do I see how arms which will serve for personal defence, ("qui ne peuvent servis que pour leur defence personelle,) cannot be as effectually used for offensive warfare.

Of the disquiet which you say there are signs manifesting themselves among the black population, of a desire to break their bonds which bind them to their masters ("certaines dispositions a rompre les liens qui les attachent a leurs maitres,") I have been a not inattentive observer, without wonder, because it would seem natural, when their masters had set them the example of rebellion against constituted authorities, that the negroes, being an imitative race, should do likewise.

But surely the representative of the Emperor, which does not tolerate slavery in France, does not desire his countrymen to be armed for the purpose of preventing the negroes from breaking their bonds.

Let me assure you that the protection of the United States against violence, either by negroes or white men, whether citizens or foreign, will continue to be as perfect as it has been since our advent here, and by far more manifesting itself at all moments and everywhere (*tous les instants et partout,*) than any improvised citizens' organization can do.

Whenever the inhabitants of this city will, by a public and united act, show both their loyalty and neutrality, I shall be glad of their aid to keep the peace, and indeed to restore the city to them. Till that time, however, I must require the arms of all the inhabitants, white and black, to be under my control. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

To Ct. Mejan, French Consul.

THE COLONIZATION OF AFRICANS IN CHIRIQUI OBJECTED TO.—The Ministers of the Central American Governments have, as we are informed, protested against the proposed colonization of Africans on the Isthmus of Chiriqui, and the Minister of Costa Rica is to have an interview with the President on the subject to-morrow. He says that his Government does not object to the immigration of citizens, but sees danger in the organized planting of colonies by a foreign power on its shore. He says also, that the grant transferred by Ambrose W. Thompson, as the representative of the Chiriqui company to the United States, has no validity, having never been confirmed by the proper authorities.—There are those who fear that the main result of the enterprise will be the enrichment of the owners of the mines.—*Washington Cor. Tribune.*

BETTER THAN BEING DRAFTED.—The Muncie (Ind.) Press says: "At a meeting in this county, held for the purpose of getting volunteers, a young lady went to her betrothed, took him by the hand and led him up to the stand where the recruiting officers were taking names of those who desired to enlist in the service of their country, and then, without seeming the least abashed, in the presence of the large assemblage, kissed him, and then laid his hand on the roll for him to sign his name."

DISCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—Ten persons were arrested in New York, on Thursday and yesterday, for attempting to procure substitutes for persons liable to be drafted.

ONE of the Pittsburg companies at Camp Curtin contains no less than thirty butchers.

☞ Marriage is like money—soon to want it, and you don't get it.

ARREST OF CHARLES INGERSOLL.

Charles Ingersoll, son of the late Charles Jared Ingersoll, formerly member of Congress from this city, has been arrested for a speech made at the recent Democratic meeting in Independence Square. The arrest was made by the United States Marshal, W. Millward. The following is a copy of the affidavit by virtue of which the prisoner is retained by Marshal Millward:

State of Pennsylvania, City of Philadelphia, ss.—Joseph J. Gilbert being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is a newspaper reporter; was present at the meeting held in Independence Square in this city, on Saturday evening, August 23d, 1862; saw Charles Ingersoll there; heard him make a speech there; deponent is a phonographic reporter; made a full and complete report of said speech; deponent heard the said Charles Ingersoll make the remark at that meeting, "that the whole object of the war, hitherto, was to free the nigger," also, "that a more corrupt Government than that which now governs us never was in the United States, and has been seldom seen in any European part of the world; it is necessary to go to the older regions of Asia to find as much corruption as exists in this Government of Mr. Lincoln;" also, "that anything half as corrupt as this Government of the United States never was imagined until Mr. Lincoln came into power;" also, "they tell us we can be arrested, ah! well, I see our friends in different parts of the town (some in the Twelfth Ward, the other day) have been arrested. But after all, fellow citizens, these arrests are not such terrible things; if they can arrest you, they must feed you, clothe you, lodge you, and in these hard times there is something in that;" also, "I want to know whether any Government that ever exercised so much power has with one million three hundred thousand men, or not to count the six hundred thousand not yet in the field, has with seven hundred thousand men in the field ever accomplished results so insignificant."

The report hereto annexed is a full and complete report of said speech, and the precise language made use of by Charles Ingersoll on said occasion.

[Here follows a full report of the speech in question, the extracts given above forming the most objectionable portions of the same.]

Deponent resides in Tenth Street, above Poplar, in the city of Philadelphia.

J. J. GILBERT.

Before Mr. Ingersoll could be sent to Washington, a habeas corpus was granted by Judge Cadwalader. Mr. Ingersoll was produced in court on Thursday—but his mother having died the night previous, by consent of the United States counsel the case was postponed until Monday.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY.

The *London Daily News*, in reference to Mr. Roebuck's recent abuse of the United States, says:—

"Mr. Roebuck's alleged facts are in reality the wildest misrepresentations. He urges, for example, that we ought to recognize the South at once, because, forsooth, 'they are Englishmen, and we may make them our friends.' 'They are Englishmen,' he repeats, 'and not the scum and refuse of Europe.'—Is this raging nonsense the result of genuine or affected ignorance? What is the fact? While the older states of the North were regularly colonized, not only by Englishmen, but by some of the noblest elements of English social and political life, the states of the South, with the exception of Virginia, which is only partly Southern, were not colonized by Englishmen at all. A considerable section of the Southern colonists were bitter enemies of England and everything English, and their occupation is perpetuated in the names of towns and districts, such as New Orleans and Louisiana, throughout the Southern and Western states. In fact, there is hardly a more mongrel population than that of the slave states in the whole continent of America. Mr. Roebuck's true-born Englishmen of the South are largely made up of French, Spanish, Mexican, and Indian elements. So much for the question of race, which, in Mr. Roebuck's peculiar system of ethics, is to override all moral considerations, all principles of public justice and international law, and lead us to grasp in eager friendship the violent and polluted hand of the Slave Confederacy."

The *London Morning Star* publishes a letter from Mr. Robert Pontifex Mallory, a resident of Sheffield, who protests, on his own behalf and that of thousands of his fellow townsmen against Roebuck's "shameful and disgusting speech." He says—

"I do not stand alone in the feeling of disgust toward a man who could dare to insult a friendly people. Thousands there are who consider Mr. Roebuck's speech as a disgrace to himself and to the audience who applauded the false and malignant statements of this professedly liberal representative. The speech was a violent attack upon a great, a free and enlightened neighbor; and many of Mr. Roebuck's former supporters, remembering this last act of imprudence, will now be ranked amongst his bitterest opponents.

"America [the North] deserves all our warmest sympathy and all our forbearance. They [the United States] were and still continue a great and free people, and though surrounded by the dangers and difficulties of a cruel and blood-thirsty revolution, they will, from the crumbling ruins of that vile treason, rise a magnificent and gigantic republic, again the wonder and the envy of the world. As Englishmen, we have no reason to be jealous of America, nor they, as Americans, to be envious of us; but we have both of us reason to unite ourselves in the bonds of amity and peace, bidding alike, by our generosity and valor, defiance to foreign aggression or internal commotions."

CUMBERLAND GAP.—A letter from Cumberland Gap, dated the 19th inst., sent to the Cincinnati Gazette, says:—"We have a large army of secesh in front and eight or ten thousand in our rear. Last night all our trains due came in safely. We have no fears. We can hold at bay an army of fifty thousand as long as our provisions last. Say to all our friends that this fortress shall not fall into the hands of the enemy. The moment an enemy shows himself within three miles of us, a shell wolcties at his head. They are on every hand, but they are watched. The duty of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, is to send forward troops well armed and supplied so soon as they possibly can. There is work, and a reward for such.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.—Com. Davis and Gen. Curtis recently made a successful expedition up the Yazoo River, capturing 1,200 Enfield rifles, and the encampment of the Fire Louisiana regiment, burned the depot, and destroyed the railroad and telegraph, cutting off the connections of Vicksburg. In addition to this they captured a battery of heavy guns, some prisoners, and obtained a large amount of property and destroyed a great deal that would be very serviceable to the rebels. Curtis and Davis should keep it up, and give Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas something to do to guard against these incursions, to keep them from troubling Tennessee and Kentucky with guerilla raids.

NEWS ITEMS.

HONOR THE BRAVE.—Col. Pierce (Brigadier-General Pierce, of Big Bethel notoriety,) passed through Philadelphia last week, on his return to his regiment in McClellan's army. In the seven-days fight he lost his right arm, fighting at the head of his regiment, and now returns to share its dangers in the fights soon to come off. After the Big Bethel affair, he returned to his native state, determined to retrieve his wounded honor, even if he had to enlist as a private; and nobly has he kept his resolution.

PACIFIC MAILS.—Owing to the fears that a general war with nearly all the Indian tribes east of the Missouri river is close at hand, an interruption of the Overland mail is daily expected, and the Post-office Department has instructed the postmasters to send the California mails to New York till further directed.

DISCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—The War Department announces that all attempts to procure substitutes in anticipation of the draft will be regarded as discouraging enlistments, and that the persons who do so, their aiders and abettors, are liable to be arrested under the order of August 8th. Publishing advertisements for such persons, with the view of aiding their operations, is hereafter to be regarded as rendering the publishers liable to such arrest.

DISAPPEARED.—A brother of Col. Corcoran, residing in this city, disappeared from his home at evening, several months ago, and has not since been seen. Nothing was heard of him for quite a period after his departure, when it came to his wife's ears that he had enlisted. She immediately instituted inquiries at New York and Albany, and found the story confirmed, but could not succeed, and has not yet succeeded, in learning with what regiment he joined his fortunes.—*Buffalo Express.*

FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.—In an address delivered recently by Father Hunt, of the Roman Catholic church, at Scranton, Penn., he said: "If the secessionists are successful we must concede them the right to take their negroes where they please. They would inevitably open the African slave trade, and bring in negroes at $130 per head, and in all probability introduce them into our mines and factories as cheaper labor than that of the whites."

THE secessionists of St. Louis county, Mo., have been assessed $500,000 for the purpose of clothing, arming, and subsisting the enrolled militia which are in active service, and also for providing for the support of such families of the militiamen as may be left destitute.

GEN. BLUNT, with 1,500 men, returned to Fort Scott on the 22d inst., after having pursued the rebels and driven them in utter confusion across the Osage river. The guerillas are being used up in Missouri.

GOVERNOR RAMSEY, of Minnesota, telegraphs to a friend in this city that the Rev. Dr. Williamson and Rev. Mr. Riggs, Sioux missionaries, reported murdered in the late massacre, are safe.

ARMY CORRESPONDENTS.—During the war, thus far, four correspondents have died at their posts from disease contracted while in the army; three have died from wounds received in battle; seven have been taken prisoners, and two have gone over to the enemy.—*N. Y. Express.*

IT is said that the Emperor Napoleon has fixed the majority of the Prince, his heir, at the age of fourteen years.

NEW YORK METHODISTS.—The persons employed at the New York Methodist Book Concern have associated together to aid those of their number who may be drafted. Over twenty men have enlisted from the establishment since the war commenced.

THE net amount of the income tax in Great Britain last year was over eleven million pounds sterling. There were fifty-nine individuals with incomes exceeding £50,000 a year; Ireland only furnishes one individual fortunate enough to rank in that class, but his income amounts to £115,000 a year.

NOT EAGER FOR THEIR PAY.—The paymaster having visited the camp of the 68th Indiana regiment, to tender the officers and men their advance pay, the latter told him, through their general, that they wanted no advance pay, that they did not volunteer for that, and were willing to wait for their money until they had earned it.

Two new theatres, which are about completed in Paris, are to be lighted in a new and novel manner. Lusters and gas burners are to be done away with, and the light reflected all over the house by means of an enormous mirror, through a hole in the ceiling containing a pane of unpolished glass.

GUANO, of a very valuable description, is said to have been discovered in an immense deposit in Newfoundland.

SAILORS FROM ABROAD.—We are informed that a government agent, applying to a Germanic state for sailors for our navy, has received a reply offering to furnish from 1,000 to 10,000 for a bounty of $45, which sum is to include the passage money. Only 1,000 sailors were asked for.—*N. Y. Express.*

WE have another contradiction, of the rumor that Gen. Morgan's forces at Cumberland Gap were on the point of starvation. He has provisions enough to last for one month, and meantime can hold his position, he himself says, in a letter received at Cincinnati on Saturday week, against 100,000 men.

LATER reports from Iowa lead to the belief that the former report of the Indian troubles is exaggerated. There is no confirmation of the statement that Springfield is burned. Arms and ammunition have been sent to Fort Dodge from Davenport for the defence of the northern counties in case of need.

THE Great Eastern, which arrived in Flushing Bay on Wednesday morning from Liverpool, brought *fourteen hundred passengers* (five hundred and sixty-one in the steerage) and three thousand tons of merchandise. People it seems are still flocking into the country.

GEN. GREEN CLAY SMITH has been, for several weeks past, engaged in severely punishing the guerillas in Kentucky, and has whipped them badly in six engagements. If we go on in this good work, we shall soon restore peace and happiness to the citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee.

THE latest advices from Gen. Buell's army place him near Stevenson, Alabama, moving towards Knoxville. As our armies in the Southwest are all on the move, we may expect soon to hear good news, even though it be exciting.

JOHN ROSS, the Chief of the Cherokee nation, and his retinue of fifty persons, has gone to Washington, to lay his grievances before the President, and to urge the sending a body of troops to clear the territory of hostile tribes and rebels.

THERE will be no draft in Illinois; that state having already raised 60,000 out of her quota of 52,000 under the two calls, it is thought not worth while to draft for the 2,000 yet wanting, and which will doubtless be raised before the draft could be made.

DENNIS A. MAHONEY, editor of the Dubuque Herald, Iowa, who was arrested recently, charged with treasonable practices, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third District of that state.

☞ The credit for the invention of the hoop belongs, it is said, to Angelique Millet, a poor French peasant girl, who took the idea from her hen-coops. She patented the invention and got rich.

Interview Between Capt. Brown of the Ram Arkansas and Gen. Van Dorn.

The Cairo correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing under date of the 14th instant, states that after the ram Arkansas had successfully run the blockade of the National vessels and arrived off Vicksburg, she was boarded by Gen. Van Dorn, who approached her commander, Capt. Brown, and the following conversation was had:

General—"Captain Brown, allow me to congratulate you on your success in reaching us."

Captain Brown—"Thank you, general; it was a desperate undertaking, but I knew what my vessel was made of."

General—"I hardly expected that you would come through them without making them more conscious of your superiority. It seems to me you might have sunk or disabled half a dozen of them. Why, under heaven, didn't you try it on?"

Captain Brown—"General Van Dorn, I have accomplished what no naval officer in the confederate service would have dared attempt, and what no one conversant with naval warfare would have supposed possible. The bare achievement of getting this vessel through that fleet is glory enough for one day."

General—"Fie! fie! captain, that's all very well; you've done well, but might have done better. Get up steam again, and run up and try them a turn. When you have sunk six or eight of their turtles you can come back and let the people cheer you."

Captain Brown—"Sir, I know what I have done; nor do I propose to risk the reputation I've won by encountering that fleet again, especially now that they have all got steam up and are prepared to meet me. I shall not risk my laurels by renewing the contest to-day."

General—"I can see no reason why you should not go out again. They'll hardly expect you now, and if they do, you know your vessel is a match for them. You hear my orders to go?"

Captain Brown—"General Van Dorn, this boat is without a commander; I shall forward my resignation to Richmond immediately. In the meantime, please consider the vessel in your possession. You are at liberty to send her out under any commander you can find here to take her out, or you may take her out yourself."

The general turned away chagrined and mortified. Captain Brown also left the boat almost immediately, and, although urgently requested to withdraw his resignation, obstinately refused to do so. Lieut. Stevens was left in command, and it was under his direction that the second and last chapter in her career was enacted.

THE REBEL ARMY.

From the South we have the following data in relation to the strength of the Confederate forces from the date of the Confederate retreat from Manassas: Our informant states that Gen. Johnson left Manassas with 40,000 effective men. Gen. Magruder held Yorktown with 7,500 effective men, when the Union army landed. The Confederates, acting under the advice of Gen. Lee, left Yorktown with 67,000 men. On June 1st, 85,000 rations were issued to the Confederate army before Richmond. Detailed reports, by regiments, brigades, and battalions, of all but seventeen captains, showed that 6,357 soldiers were placed *hors du combat* in the battle of Seven Pines. On June 21st, 128,000 rations were issued to the rebel army before Richmond. By July 20th, 30,000 new troops had reached Richmond from the South, most of whom were new levies, and not regarded as thoroughly safe. On the 13th of August there were six regiments of infantry at Savannah, and a force of 34,000 near Charleston. Gen. Lee and staff left Richmond head-quarters (Tabbe's farm, Nine Mile road,) for Gordonsville, after telegraphing to Gen. Mercer, at Savannah, for the infantry at that post, and to Gen. Pemberton for as many as could be spared from the defence of Charleston. Deduct from 128,000, on June 20th, 10,000 for double rations and followers, which would leave 115,000. Losses in battles of Richmond say 15,000. Number remaining, 100,000; to which add new troops 30,000, and deduct therefrom 20,000 for defence of Richmond, would make the Confederate army of Virginia opposite our lines to number 110,000 effective men.—*Washington Star.*

THE COMET.

The nucleus of the comet has during the last week, presented some striking phenomena, which, being apparently connected with the formation of the tail, and visible only to those furnished with good telescopes may be of interest to the general reader. These phenomena have been the emission of luminous jets from the part of the nucleus nearest the sun, but forming various angles with the line of the tail. While the form of these luminous ejections have remained from night to night quite similar, the part of the nucleus from which they have proceeded has differed with every succeeding night from the 10th, or the day before its perihelion passage. On the evening of the 18th, synchronously with a fine exhibition of the aurora, the bright nucleus became surrounded with a brilliant chevelure, which faded off into a fainter coma, while a jet of light flashed off to the south, preceding part of the body of the comet. On the night of 19th, while an aurora mingled its light with that of the comet, the luminous jet appeared like a small queue or tail directed toward the sun, while the nucleus, having lost the hazy appearance of the evening before, shot off a long and straight steamer of some 4 or 5 degrees in length, in addition to, or at the side of its usual appendage. Meanwhile, fresh intense activities have been going on in the sun, as is evinced by the large cluster of spots now visible on its surface.

NEW ORLEANS AS A GARRISONED TOWN.—Meantime we remain an occupied city, under stringent martial law, and present the appearance of a camp. Suppose New York to be comprised within the limits formed by Madison Square and the Battery, or thereabouts. Suppose a regiment encamped in Union Square, another in Washington Square, another in the Park and on the Battery, another on Governor's Island, another over at Hoboken, a battalion of artillery on the Bowling Green, and pickets thrown out all along the Harlem and Bloomingdale roads, up as far as Westchester and Dobbs' Ferry. Then imagine a few ships of war and gunboats dotted at intervals up and down the North river and in front of the city; and many of the public buildings, say the Astor House, the City Hall, the railroad station-houses, the Custom House, Cooper Institute, the Academy of Music, all occupied by soldiers, either as barracks, or offices, or hospitals, and you have a pretty good notion of what New Orleans is in appearance at this moment.—*Army letter.*

AN old man, aged 105, named Gallot, and residing in Paris, recently presented himself at the Ministry of War, to receive an allowance from the state. He was accompanied by his wife, aged 103, both enjoying excellent health and not appearing to have any intention of dying. The old man had served nine years under Louis Sixteenth, and in part of the wars of the republic and empire. He left the service in 1815.

Confederate Barbarity.—Generals Hunter and Phelps to be Considered as Felons.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, RICHMOND, Aug. 21, 1862.—*General Orders, No. 60.*—1. Whereas, Major General Hunter, recently in command of the enemy's forces on the coast of South Carolina, and Brigadier General Phelps, a military commander of the enemy in the State of Louisiana, has organized and armed negro slaves for military service against their masters, citizens of this Confederacy:

And whereas the Government of the United States has refused to answer an inquiry whether said conduct of its officers meets its sanction, and has thus left to this Government no other means of repressing said crimes and outrages than by the adoption of such measures of retaliation as shall serve to prevent their repetition:

Ordered, That Major General Hunter and Brigadier General Phelps be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon, at such time and place as the President may order. By order,

(Signed)

S. COOPER, Adj. and Insp. Gen.

The rebels are "sowing the wind"—let them look out for "the whirlwind."

INDIGNATION MEETING AT WILMINGTON.—One of the largest meetings ever held in Delaware convened in Wilmington on the 20th, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing Gov. Burton as a rebel and a tool of Bayard, and appointing a committee to lay the proceedings of the meeting before the President and Secretary of War. Resolutions were also adopted expressing a determination to resist the draft, as made by the Governor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull, and the demand for Flour, both for export and home use, has been limited, without any material change to note in prices, sales reaching some 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots, at $4½@5 for common mixed and good superfine; $5¼@5½ for extras, and $5½@6¼ for Western family, as in quality, including about 2400 bbls City Mills extra and extra family on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at $6¼@7 ₱ bbl. The receipts and stocks continue light. Rye Flour is scarce and in request at $5¼. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Pennsylvania is offered at $3¼ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat; sales of 60,000 bushels at 128@131c for good to prime Pennsylvania and Western reds in store, 132@133c for Pennsylvania and Jersey do afloat, 133@135c for Delaware do, and from 138 to 155c for common and choice white. Rye is also rather lower, now selling at 73@75c, and old at 78@80c. Corn is better, and 25,000 bush yellow sold at 64@66c for prime, and 60@62c for inferior, in store and afloat. Oats are unsettled and dull, with sales of 35,000 bush, mostly new Southern, at 35@38c, closing at the former rate afloat, including old, which are very scarce at 55@58c, in store. Of Mill Feed a sale of fine Shipstuffs was made at $20½ ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is firmer, with a small business to note in bbld Meats at $12@12,25 for Mess Pork, and $12@13 for Western and city Mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to Hams at 8@10c for plain and 10¾@11 for fancy cured. Shoulders and Sides are better and selling at 4½@5c for the former, and 5½@6c for the latter. Green Meats are in light stock and wanted at 6½@7¾c for Hams; 4½@5c for Shoulders and 5¼@5½c for Sides. Lard is more active, and about 1500 bbls and tcs prime Western brought 9¼@9¾c, which is an advance; kegs are worth 9¾@10c, with sales. Butter is firm, and selling as wanted at 10@12c for packed. Cheese is firm at 8@9c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and selling at 11@12c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Some 300 bales have been taken in small lots, mostly within the range of 47@49c for middling and middling quality, cash.

ASHES are better, with a limited business to note at the advance.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, with further sales of 80 hhds 1st No 1 at $32,50 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark sales are making at $14 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in request at 36@37c ₱ lb.

COAL—The advance of 20c ₱ ton on toll, to take effect on the 1st of Sept., has stimulated the demand for this staple, and the market has been more active.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and the sales confined to a few small lots, in all some 800 bags, at 21¾@22½c for Rio; 23@23¾c for Laguayra, and 18@19c for Tringe, cash and time.

COPPER is dull, and the sales confined to Yellow Metal, which is taken as wanted at 23c for Sheets, and 25c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull and neglected at 38@40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green fruit is plenty and dull, Apples selling at 25@50c, and Peaches at 50c@$1 ₱ basket.

HEMP remains inactive, and without any alteration to note, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HAY is in steady demand, good Timothy selling at 65@75c the 100 lbs for new and old crop.

HOPS move off as wanted at 18@22c for eastern and western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is firm but quiet, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to 800@900 tons, mostly forge, at $24, on time. 1,500 tons No 1 sold to go West at $23. Scotch Pig is scarce and high. For manufactured the demand continues active, and for Bars and Rails prices are firm.

LEAD is firmly held, but no sales of any moment are made public. Galena is worth $7 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—There is no alteration in the market, with further sales of White Pine at $14@16, and Yellow Sap Boards at $15@16 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull. A cargo of Cuba sold at 27½c, on time, and 119 bbls New Orleans by auction at 38@41½c, cash.

PLASTER remains unchanged, with further sales of soft at $3,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited and the market very quiet at 6@6¼c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and the market is quiet at $4,75@5 ₱ bush. Of Timothy sales are making at $1¾@1¾ ₱ bush. Flaxseed is unsettled, and quoted at $1,80@2 ₱ bush. The new crop is about coming into market. Of red top we note a sale of 100 sacks at $3½ ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firmer and a small business to note. N E Rum is held at 45@47c. Whiskey is better with large sales of bbls at 31@33c, now held higher, and Drudge at 28@29c.

SUGAR has been dull but steady, with a limited business doing in the way of sales; 400 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been taken at 8½@8¾c, on time, and about 800 hhds New Orleans, by auction, at 7¾@9¼c, cash, including Clarified at 10¾c.

TALLOW remains quiet, prices ranging at 10¼@10½c for City, and 9¼@9¾c for Country Rendered.

TOBACCO—Manufactured continues scarce and on the advance. For Leaf, prices are also firm and sales light.

WOOL—The market for this staple continues on the advance, with large sales of the low and medium qualities at 70@75c, mostly at the former figures, which is now generally refused. Fine is quoted at 60@63c, without much doing in the way of sales.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cents ₱ lb. 75 Cows brought from $30 to 36 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $2,25 to 4,00 ₱ head. 320 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A SAD STORY IF TRUE.—A correspondent of Forney's Philada. Daily Press, an army correspondent himself, says:—

"If any distinguished literary man should ever determine to risk his reputation in writing a history of this war, we would advise him to go to the army correspondents for its true and as yet secret historical character. These men can tell him privately *how* this has been a *terminus* war thus far. They can show him how men—traitors—have received the best contracts, and, while imperfectly filling them, have been communicating our plans, such as we had, to the enemy. They will tell him how Southern officers commanded some of our outposts, in constant communication with the enemy, and how men known to be traitors were filling high positions in our army. They can tell him, too, though they dare not publish the fact, of how certain major-generals have been surprised by the enemy in the East and West, while they lay drunk in their tents, and how these men were complimented, instead of being cashiered by the commanding generals, for fear that their valuable services would be lost to the army in the future. In fact, they will tell the historian how, with abundance of men and means to have crushed the rebellion right out, these means have nearly all been wasted in the face of the foe, while the enemy, according to Wilcox, Corcoran, Bowman and Vogdes, is stronger to-day than ever before, because he has collected and concentrated his men and means, and has a settled system of prosecuting the war."

FROM the Southwest we learn that important expeditions have been sent up the Yazoo and St. Francis rivers, and other important movements are mentioned. The news from the West is more encouraging.

From the Canada Baptist.

Although we have no sympathy with patent medicine venders generally, we are not so blind to real merit as to place all patent medicines in the same category; and when we have tested the qualities of a compound and found them to be such as are claimed for it, we think it nothing but right to give our testimony for the benefit of the patentee or proprietors, especially as there are thousands who, having been deceived by empyrics, have lost all faith in remedies of this kind. The Pain Killer of Perry Davis & Son we can confidently recommend. We have used it for a length of time, and invariably with success.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of May, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, D. B. CHAPIN, to ANNIE MASON, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. THOMAS GRAHAM, to Miss ANNIE STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. ALBERT H. STEVENS, to Miss MARY E. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 23d of April, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. E. C. BONBALL, Jr. to Miss ISABELLA, daughter of John Baylis, Esq. both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JESSE JOHNSON, to Miss CHARLOTTE G. DUNCAN, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. P. S. Hanson, Mr. SYLVESTER CROSSLEY, to Miss CARRIE E. MATHEWS, both of this city.

On the 18th of Aug. by the Rev. Jos. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH K. PIERCE, to Miss MARY H. MCGINLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, at his residence on Shoemaker's Lane, Germantown, GEORGE S. CRAIGE.

At Detroit, Michigan, on the 21st ultimo, JOHN N. ELBERT, aged 52 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZA JANE, relict of the late Maurice Brown, in her 65th year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. EVAN THUMAN, aged 66 years.

In Germantown, on the 25th ultimo, Mr. JOHN HENRY, in his 44th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM CHADWICK, in his 68th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES V. BAKER, in his 50th year.

On the 25th ultimo, SARAH, wife of William Ouram, in her 71st year.

On the 24th ultimo, ANN, wife of Danl. Everman, in her 48th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY CHAMBERS, in her 79th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL PRINCE, in his 64th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ANN C. HUDSON, in her 74th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 30, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	¼ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	¼ dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

EMPLOYMENT!—Agents wanted in every County, to sell the best (Two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever offered to the public. Liberal salary, or commission allowed, with expenses.—Circular sent, by addressing with stamp.

ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO.,
aug2-6t Newburyport, Mass.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

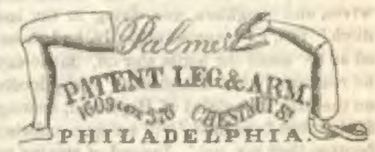
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

"AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE"
ESTABLISHED IN 1855.
A BUREAU OF EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION.
For those who seek well qualified teachers;
For teachers who desire positions;
For giving parents information of good Schools;
For selling and renting School properties.
Wanted—Experienced Teachers of
FRENCH, MUSIC and DRAWING.
☞ Circulars, giving details, sent when applied for with stamp.
G. S. WOODMAN & COMPANY,
596 Broadway, New York.
BRANCH OFFICE—25 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.
aug16 tf

WITHERS & PETERSON
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap 26-1y

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,
Of all flavors, as follows:
CABANAS, at $9 ₱ 100.
LA RITICA, at $6 ₱ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
LA EMPRESSA, at $3 ₱ 100.
COLD, SPARKLING
SODA WATER,
Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.
dec31-1y



B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct8-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, for 25 cents (in silver); 5 of different powers for $1. Mailed free.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
aug 23-4t Box 220 Boston, Mass.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.
RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.
This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 29-tf

DROPSIES ARE CURED BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
This form of disease is occasioned by the exhalent arteries throwing out a greater quantity of fluid, than the absorbents take up. BRANDRETH'S PILLS convey by magic as it were, an impulse to the remote extremities, arousing their absorbents to action, and in case of swelling or watery deposits, awakening the sleeping energies of those vessels.
SENATOR BELLENGER, of Herkimer, New York, was a great sufferer from a dropsical affection of more than a year's duration. He derived no material help from the prescriptions of his physicians, who in fact gave him to understand, that his case was hopeless. By apparently the merest chance, the qualities of BRANDRETH'S PILLS were brought to his notice. He began their use at once and with strong hope—for he conscientiously prescribed the principle of cure. He persevered with them for three months, taking often as many as fifteen pills a day, but always making it a rule to take sufficient to purge in the most effectual manner twice or thrice a week. This PERSEVERANCE was rewarded by a perfect restoration to health which has continued to this time.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. aug23-2 row

Wit and Humor.

A SECESH SERMON.

A Tennessee secession "Hard Shell," about the time our gunboats were making their movements down the Mississippi River, was called on to deliver a sermon, and he spoke as follows:—

"Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duty of your lives. The Yankees in 'chariots of fire' are cavorting and charging like the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, spoken of by St. John—(Brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours quit his improprieties, or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue)—the uncircumsised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminadab, and my soul waxeth 'fearfully and wonderfully mad.' Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave. I don't mean a gin-sling, but the sling of the 'just man made perfect,' which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text—ah! 'Curse-ye Me-rez—ah! My text suggests two points—the cowardice of a cuss, and the cuss of cowardice.

"Firstly, then, there is always cowardice in a low ornery cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which, you know, my brethren, is an 'extensively religious concern,' and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy, called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents—ah!

"Secondly. The cuss of cowardice. Who, my brethren and sisters, is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a 'bull of Bashan,' in time of safety, and then runs like a 'fatted calf' in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris, who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about 'defending the sanctity of our homes and wives, and daughters, and dying in the last ditch.' Yes, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he 'smelt the battle afar off,' but to-day he roameth like a disconsolate Wangdoodle on the dark mountains of Hepsidam, roaring for her first born, and 'will not be comforted because they are not.' Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that 'last ditch,' of which you have heard so much. I am afraid that the 'feathers will fly' whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The 'sword of the Lord' isn't the 'sword of Gideon Pillow,' I am certain, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"There is Wash Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying cozily at home while 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' do the fighting. I believe that this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does he want to 'save his bacon' mor'n he wants to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a 'cuss, and a cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is the vigilance committee of Nashville, vigilant about what, I'd like to know? As 'vigilant as a cat to steal cream,' I guess, as the apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all cusses, and cusses of cowardice.

"My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFarrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and Brother Huston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not cusses of cowardice. No, sir-ee!

"My brethren, just get the Almanac, and look for that Confederate 'eclipse of the sun,' and then get down Brother Mac's Primer, and read that heavenly little story about the 'Smart Dixie Boy,' and then buy a copy of my Armageddon, for one dollar and fifty cents, and you'll fight like—"

Enter messenger, wildly exclaiming—

"Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!"

"Oh, Jerusalem, my brethren—oh, Jerusalem! Let us skedaddle!"

And they did, without waiting for a formal closing of the service.

DODGING THE MILITIA FINE.

In days gone by, when the objectionable military laws were in force in sober old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to appear "armed and equipped according to law," was left at the boarding-house of a wag, who had but little martial music in his soul. Determined that he would neither train nor pay a fine, and entertaining withal a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly "warned," however, as he expected, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings for non-attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—for non-attendance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"A fine for not training," drawled the other.

"I shan't pay it, fellow."

"It will be three dollars, next time I call," said the sergeant.

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents and collecting such as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty.

At the appointed time he waited upon said court, which was held in an old county-house, where he found three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful "yaller" epaulettes were enough to command the attention and profound respect of the beholder.

Though somewhat disconcerted at this exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination:—

"Your name, sir."

The offender placed his hand quickly on his ear, without uttering a word or moving a muscle of his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner in a louder tone.

"A little louder," said the wag.

"Name?" shouted the Judge.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?"

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your business?" yelled the officer.

"Right hand side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?" continued the Judge, nervously.

"Does carpenter."

"What the devil is the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil, sometimes."

"What, sir?"

"Sometimes, Corem's ointment."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He's deaf as an adder," remarked the Judge, turning to his subordinate; "clear the lubber out."

"You can go," said the under officer, pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

"You may go!" yelled the Judge. "Good God! is it possible that a man can be so deaf as all that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand, "but I should think—"

"Go—go!" screamed the Judge; "there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the colonel who has a regiment like you to command. Show him the door, Major."

Our friend was never again summoned to train during his residence in Taunton.

HIS LAST WORDS.

It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is frequently preceded by insanity. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relations grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be well to premise that the presiding Judge was not only convivial, but also gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down, replied—

"I'd rather not tell."

"But, indeed, you must, ma'am. Your claim must be decided by it."

Still the widow declined to tell.

At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

"He said kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne."

We do not know whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the Judge at that instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction—"Sensible to the last!" and gave a verdict in her favor at once.

EVER AND NEVER.—It is an anomaly to talk of "ever so many," "ever so much," instead of "never so many," etc. This is a modern corruption which does not occur in our Bible version. In the account of Dinah in the book of Genesis, the Prince says, "Ask of me never so much dowry, and I will give it," *i. e.*, "ask me so much, as there never was so much asked before;" but "ever so much" is quite an anomaly. If the word be used, the phrase should be "*ever as* much," not "ever *so* much."—*Archbishop Whately.*

☞ The Quincy Whig denies, upon the authority of Maj. Stone, a prisoner with Gen. Prentiss, the report that Prentiss was horse-whipped by a rebel-ess at Atlanta, Ga.

☞ Balls in Paris now begin at 12 o'clock at night. The fashionables who frequent them go to bed and have a long sleep before going out at midnight.

☞ A public speaker should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye.

I.

FARMER MELONS MEDITATES, AND THINKS HE CAN KEEP A HOTEL.

II.

ADVERTISES HIS LARGE AND COMMODIOUS COLONNADE HOUSE WITH EXTENSION.

III.

WITH EXCELLENT SHADE TREES AND LARGE CLEAR LAKE.

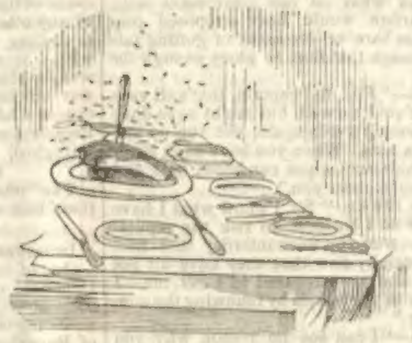
IV.

WITH GOOD WATER AND BATHING CONVENIENCES.

V.

WITH RIDING AND SAILING FACILITIES.

VI.



A GOOD TABLE WELL SUPPLIED.

VII.

IN A CHOICE NEIGHBORHOOD.

VIII.

WITH CONVEYANCES IN WAITING. FARMER MELONS WONDERS WHY HIS VISITORS GENERALLY STAYED ONLY ONE DAY.

THE WEDDING GOWN.—"After all," says a modern writer, "there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world!" All the girls will agree to that. In fact, lots of 'em marry just for the sake of the new "toggery." To them the bridal is more attractive than the bridegroom, the milliner more interesting than the minister. Men, however, take more substantial views of things, and would prefer to wed a downright pretty girl "without a rag" rather than an ugly woman with as many gowns as the executor found in the Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe! That's the difference.—*Exchange Paper.*

Agricultural.

THE PEA BUG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Here it is—pea time again, and not one pea that is fit to eat. Them nasty, stinging things have stung our peas full. Why, don't you think, John won't eat one of them; he says—'The peas have got maggots in them.' And so they have. Why, I can't find scarcely a pea but that has been stung, and inside of it is a little yellow worm. That's what John calls 'maggots.' I do wish I knew what it is that stings the peas so every year. I am such a dear lover of peas, and to have them growing in one's own garden—looking so nice—and can't eat them, is really too bad."

Such was the complaining language of one of our gossipping country ladies, a few days ago. And now, through your columns, permit me to answer her question, and also to furnish her with a remedy, which, if applied, certainly will diminish the quantity of "nasty stinging things," and also furnish John some peas without "maggots."

In the first place let me say that your peas have not been stung. "Them nasty, stinging things" are nothing more than a small, grayish-colored beetle, commonly called the pea bug, and is utterly incapable of stinging—in fact they are not furnished with a sting at all, and they are the self-same "maggot" (that John wouldn't eat) matured, and has remained in the pea from "pea-time" last year until planting-time this year, and how much longer I know not; and it is this same bug that "stings" your peas now, which it does by depositing its eggs—or rather nits—on the outside of the pea pod.

The nits are glued fast to the outside of the pod by means of a glutinous substance that nature provides the bug with for the occasion. These nits are plainly visible with the naked eye; and if you carefully observe the outside of the pea pod you will readily perceive the nits, which are of a yellow cast. Open the pod before the nit has hatched, and hold the half containing the nit, up between you and the sun, with the outside towards the sun, and you will see that the nit is on the outside of the pod. After the nit has been deposited on the pod a sufficient length of time, a small "maggot" is formed of a yellow color (excepting the head, which is black). This maggot immediately commences its career by cutting its way through the side of the pod on which it was deposited towards the interior, and then enters the pea where it remains a "maggot" for some months; then it changes and becomes a bug, cuts its way out of the pea, and is then ready to "sting" your peas again. And now, friend gossip, before planting your peas next spring, take boiling water and pour it over your seed peas, allowing them to remain in it but a few seconds. This will kill "them nasty stinging things," and your peas will not be troubled with "maggots" unless some of your neighbors have planted peas near by without first scalding them, or maybe some of the bugs were so deep in the interior of the peas that the hot water could not reach them sufficiently to kill them. If so, be assured they will in due time find their way out, and your peas will receive some "*stinging*," and there will be some "*maggots*," yet not enough to hinder John from eating them—the peas I mean. And now, friendly gossip, try the remedy, it is an old one in these parts, and *good-bye* to you for this time.

Humbly yours, JIM FIZZLE.

THE CHECK-REIN.

Who beside the British use the check-rein, saving their general imitators, the Americans? The French do not use it, the Germans do not, the Indians and Spaniards of South America, who literally live on horseback and are perfect horsemen, do not, nor do the Turks. The most observant and most natural people in the world are free from this error. It is strange to us that the English and ourselves did not, years and years ago, reason upon the constantly-witnessed fact that when a check-rein was loosed at a tavern-stoop or in a stable, the poor horse always stretched out his neck and hung down his head. That was his language for saying that the strap hurt and wearied him, and that he was heartily glad to be relieved from it. The genius that first proposed the mechanical feat of lifting himself up by the breeches, must have been the author of the theory that the check-rein held the horse up and kept him from falling. The mechanical action in the two cases must be precisely the same. If the reader will reflect for a moment, he will see that no suspending power can be derived, except from without the animal. The check-rein should be abolished. It wastes motive power. Its use is unhealthy, for it disturbs the otherwise naturally and equally distributed vital motive forces. It shortens the life of the horse. It diminishes his speed and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

The following are the times and places of holding the National, Provincial and State Agricultural exhibitions, as far as they have been announced:—

NATIONAL.		
National Horse Show, Chicago,	Sept.	1—13
Great Nat. Horse Fair, W'mport, Pa.,	"	2— 5
Am. Pomological Soc., Boston,	"	17—18
NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK STATE FAIRS.		
Vermont, Rutland,	Sept.	9—12
Connecticut, Hartford,	Oct.	7—10
New Hampshire will hold none.		
New York, Rochester, Sep. 30 to Oct. 4		
OTHER STATE AND PROVINCIAL FAIRS.		
Wisconsin, Milwaukie,	Sept.	8—12
Ohio, Cleveland,	"	16—20
Kentucky, Louisville,	"	16—20
Canada East, Sherbrooke,	"	17—19
Canada West, Toronto,	"	22—26
Michigan, Detroit,	"	23—26
Indiana, Ind'apolis, Sept. 26 to Oct. 4		
Illinois, Peoria, " 29 " 4		
Do., Hort. Soc., Chicago, " 8—13		
Iowa, Dubuque, " 30 " 3		
New Jersey, Newark, " 30 " 4		
Pennsylvania, Nor'stown, " 30 " 3		

THE SCOTTISH SYSTEM OF GROWING CELERY.—The following quotation from a late article by Mr. Cuthill, of Camberwell, in a contemporary, is worth the consideration of those who are limited for space:—"To grow a large number of celery on a small piece of ground, I have, in the large families I have lived in, always grown my celery on the Scotch system—that is, a bed dug one spit or more deep, and banked up on either side five feet broad, then six inches of rich manure spread on the bed, trodden hard and dug in. Plant the rows crossways, six or eight plants in the row; then for the next row one foot or fifteen inches from the last, and so on. The celery does not grow so large as in single rows, but this plan has every other advantage—economy of ground, watering, moulding with a board on each side of the row, winter covering, digging up in severe frosts, &c. I look upon a large head of celery as I do upon blanched asparagus, long cucumbers, and the like, they go to the pigs."

A HAT AND A HORSE.—If caught in a shower and you get your hat wet, brush it before it is dry. And so of the horse. When he comes in, wet with perspiration, smooth his hair with a coarse brush—a common broom is better than nothing—in the direction you wish it to lie when he is dry. The animal will feel better, and it will be only half the trouble to clean him the next time he needs it. Mr. S. will be kind enough to try this on his new "beaver," (made of silk, perhaps cotton, now,) and Mr. W. on his four-year-old dapple gray colt.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 11, 2, 13, is an article of domestic use.
My 10, 5, 6, is a kind of grain.
My 10, 1, 12, is what the rebels often do.
My 3, 11, 2, 2, 3, is the name of a girl.
My 9, 10, 6, 6, 13, is a color.
My 7, 1, 9, 11, 10, is also a domestic article.
My 3, 6, 8, 13, is a conjunction.
My 9, 2, 11, 5, 3, is an article of great use.
My 3, 6, 13, is also a conjunction.
My 13, 6, 12, is a number.
My 13, 6, 11, is a beverage.
My 1, 10, 12, is an ornament.
My 2, 6, 11, 10, is an adjective.
My 3, 2, 11, 13, 6, is much used in building.
My 2, 6, 3, 4, is an adverb of degree.

My whole is the name of a brave General in the Union army.

RIDDLE.

To master and miss I'm a source of delight,
Who oft lend their aid to assist me in flight;
I've a body and wings, but so useless are they,
That I scarcely a moment upborne on them stay;
To ascend of myself they can never prevail,
So I must be compelled by a blow on my tail.
To punish my idleness, often a pair
Amuse them by forcing me into the air;
Yet in spite of their blow, I as quickly descend,
But not on my head!—no, I fall on my end.

RIDDLE.

If anything you want to buy,
Say how you wish to get it;
Transpose it, and you may rely
A pleasant fruit you will descry,
And when you find it, eat it.

ANAGRAMS OF MALE NAMES.

Larches.	Ma, I will.
Hot Sam.	Lame Su.
Than John.	Lace him.
Am sober	Brain.
Red barn.	Sinned.
Nave.	And find her.
But her.	Old Pole.
Or live.	Hen step.
Widen.	

MENSURATION PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three poles of various elevations and length are standing up perpendicular (in respect to level) on the side of a regular rising hill, in a straight line up the hill. The first and lowest standing pole is 57 1-5 feet in length; and if a person who carries his eyes 5 feet 9 inches from the ground whereon he stands goes from the foot of this first and nearest pole, 477½ feet further down the hill, then there the tops of all the three poles will *appear* to him of equal height. (That is to *say*, their tops will *there* appear to him all three terminating in the same elevation of sight.) From the top of this *nearest pole* is a tight rope tied over across to the second and third higher rising poles, on a horizontal level; thus meeting all three poles at a right angle, and the two higher ones some distance down from their tops. Now, from the place where this rope is tied on to the third and highest pole to the *top* of the middle pole and *thence down* the same to where the rope crosses this middle pole is found to be 84 feet. From this place, where this rope crosses and is tied to this middle pole, *along the rope* and level, over to the top of the first, lowest and nearest pole, and *thence* to the *top* of the middle pole is 96 feet. And from the top of this middle pole *down* the pole to its *rope-tieing* place, and *thence*, the rope and level along, to where the rope is tied to the third and outer pole (or the place of beginning) is 42 feet. With these several given measures, it is presumed the length of each of the further poles can be found by any able mathematician; and the height of the perpendicular elevation of the third and outer pole from the level of the observer's feet; as also, the distance from the eye of the observer to the foot of this third or outer pole. Will any one try it?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers standing on a horizontal plane, and 300 feet apart from each other: the higher tower is 160 feet high, and the lower tower is 120 feet high. A heavy, flexible, inextensible chain, of uniform density, being fastened by the ends to the tops of the towers, and left to itself to hang freely down between them, was found to just touch the level plane between the towers. Required—the nature of the curve the chain formed itself into, and the length of the chain?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two cube numbers, either whole or fractional, other than 8 and 27, whose sum shall be 35? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which letter do naturalists admire? Ans.—B (the Bee).

☞ Which prefers the church yard? Ans.—U (the Yew).

☞ Why does L embrace so many, that it occupies half of a whole district? Ans.—Because it is half a hundred.

☞ Which letter takes up more than half the world? Ans.—C (Sea).

☞ Which letter speaks of long duration? Ans.—A (Aye).

☞ Which of the feathered tribes lifts up the heaviest weight? Ans.—The Crane.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt. RIDDLE.—All. ANAGRAMS.—Sweetheart, Parliament, Old England, Impatient, Astronomers, Penitentiary, Elegant, Catalogues, Parishioners, Midshipmen, Telegraphs, Matrimony, Melodrama. PROBLEM.—23 and 7.